

# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 5.]

BOSTON, DECEMBER 1, 1825.

[VOL. 4, N. 8.]

### CUVIER'S FOSSIL REMAINS.

AT a time when so much curiosity prevails concerning the fossil remains and petrifications, that at present engage so large a share of the attention of geologists, it is interesting to find that the justly-celebrated Baron Cuvier has concluded his grand work, in five quarto volumes, to which he has given the unassuming title—“*Inquiries concerning Fossil Bones, tending to restore the Characters of many Animals, the Species of which have been destroyed by the Revolutions of the World.*” The book has been briefly reviewed by Count Lacépède, likewise a member of the Institute; who compliments his illustrious associate on the completion of a magnificent pyramid, on which, aided by the light of comparative anatomy, he has inscribed the proportions and lineaments of fossil organic remains. In an introductory discourse, the Baron declared his object—the difficulties he had surmounted, the success he had met with—the method he had followed in promulgating and establishing his discoveries—the consequences that might be deduced from the fact of the existence in soils, more or less ancient, of sea, or fresh water, or land animals, and the strong affinities *these* have with the catastrophe of the world, and with those grand changes wrought upon the surface of the earth by the violence of the sea, by volcanoes, and by other natural agencies, or by the gentle and regular action of salt and fresh water.

In his first volume, Baron Cuvier gives exact and complete descriptions of various fossilized remains that have been found, diligently comparing them with the existing species, and with the laws of nature, in the conformation and correspondence of animal structure. In the first part of the second volume, the author gives a description of all those animal remains that have been recovered from the bosom of the earth; and enters into full details, proving the rigid justice of his restorations, preceded by an extensive and exact statement of the distinctive characteristics of the present rhinoceros; and here finishes that part of his subject which relates to *thick-skinned* animals (*Pachydermes*). But wishing, afterwards, to add precision to his observations, and importance to his reflections, and to state his geological deductions more clearly, and in a manner less obnoxious to disputation, M. Cuvier exhibits, in order, the different *strata* (*couches*), placed one above the other, in secondary and tertiary soils, in which the fossils, of which he writes, are found. He takes, for example, the soils found round Paris, and which form the basis and the banks of that basin that contains the *Seine*, the *Marne*, the *Oise*, and many other rivers, and which stretches towards *Beauvais*, *Campiegne*, and *Soissons*, to *Etampes* and *Fontainebleu*, and towards *Mantes* and *Gisors* to *Nogent-sur-Seine* and *Chateau-Thierry*. This basin he

particularly investigated, in company with his able and worthy fellow-labourer, *M. A. Brongniart*, of the Royal Academy of Sciences. Lists and descriptions of the different *earths*, which appear to succeed the *marine chalk* (*craie marine*), the first presented to our notice, are given; above this the Baron meets with *fresh water*, and then points out *plastic clay* (*argile*), and *petrified wood* (*lignite*). He then finds a *coarse calcareous earth* (*calcaire grossier*), accompanied by *layers of shells* (*gres coquillers*); and points out that oceanic convulsion, which has re-deposited the *clay* and *petrified wood*. *Flinty calcareous earth* shows itself above these *sea-formed stones* (*gres marins*), and the coarse earth above-mentioned; and above this, what seems most prevalent, is *gypsum*, a later fresh water deposit. Imbedded in this *gypsum*, the author's piercing eyes discovered mouldering remains, from which he has re-formed many kinds of animals, no longer existing upon earth; to which he has, also, given names, and assigned ranks in the chain of organized being. Hence the Baron reverts to the analysis of those *earths*, that compose the surface of that grand *basin*, in whose centre stands the proud city of Paris. The sea breaks in afresh; it resumes its empire over rocks, and sands, and *gypsum*, rich with geological treasures: it retires, and fresh-water lakes, marshes, streamlets, rivers, succeed its troubled waves: whence the deposits, marl, and hard stone (*meulieres*), upon which, soon or late, *alluvion* (*deposited soil*) is formed. Baron Cuvier's second volume includes the learned researches of *M. A. Brongniart* (before named) respecting the *sea chalk* of France, England, and many other countries; and the *clays* and *petrifications* of France, England, Switzerland, Germany, Western Europe, and North America: with the *earths* analogous to the *coast chalk formation*, in England, France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, the Northern and Western parts of Europe, and other *earths* bearing

much relation to *gypsum*, and containing broken crumbling bones; in fine, he treats of *quarries*, *marls*, *slimy sediments* (*atterrisemens simonneux*), *rolling flints*, and *strata* (products of fresh-water), superior to the *coarse chalk* in Hungary, Germany, Switzerland, Mount Jura, Italy, Spain, France, and England. The fourth volume is given up to *osteological* discussions concerning the *family* of ruminating animals, and the most remarkable differences presented by the various *species* into which this family is divided. It is according to these well known characteristics that the *gigantic stags* found in Great Britain, in Ireland, and the neighbouring isles; and others resembling the rein-deer, and found near Etampes (department of Seine and Oise), and the cavern of Breugne (department of Lot), are arranged.

The Baron afterwards makes mention of *gigantic trunks* (*bois*), or bony *horns*, more or less branching, dug up in the valley of the Somme, in Germany, or in Scania (Schonen, province of Sweden, in Gothland); and other *bones* found in peat, or sand-pits, belonging to a species of roe-buck, little differing from the last; and to stags resembling those that now exist in our forests; and of other fossils, some of which are referred to the genus *auroch*, others to oxen much larger than those domesticated in Europe, and others to the musk-ox of Canada. After this more general description, the *species* of ruminating animals, particularly stags, and others, as lions or tigers, panthers and *lagomies*, are particularized; bones of which are found in the fissures of the rocks about Gibraltar, in Arragon, Sardinia, Cete, Sicily, the Veronais, and Dalmatia.

From the consideration of these *bony* fissures, where are found vestiges of animals analogous to those which now seek the hottest climes, mixed with others, as the *lagomies*, analogous to the mammiferous inhabitants of more northern temperatures, the author turns to the examination of bones found in immense



subterranean caverns ; prefacing the determination of these species by an exact analysis of the teeth, and other parts of the skeletons of many carnivorous animals, and *plantigrades* ; great bears, tygers, lions, hyenas, mixed, pell-mell, not only with bones of the elephant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus, but also with those of gluttons ; and, persevering in his mode of verification, distributes these according to their *genera*. To these numerous results are added accounts of many *reptiles* (*rongeurs*) found in vast caverns, and *fossil beavers* (*castors*) in peat, or other soils. Very curious notices of various toothless *mammifera* follow, and the zoological rank of that great *megalongyx*, the discovery of whose bones, in a cave in

Virginia, was made known by Mr Jefferson, one of the illuminati of North America, is determined upon principles of probable comparison. The fifth volume concludes with a description and classification of fossils, mammiferous, marine, and freshwater, and particularly those singular remains that have been found in various departments, districts and countries. Reflecting on the numerous facts discovered or collected by M. le Baron Cuvier, what thoughts, what consequences, what contingencies rush upon the mind, and elevate the faculties to the contemplation of the grandeur that pervades the globe. The Count concludes by announcing his intention, shortly, to publish a work on the *First Ages* of the world.

---

WOMAN'S HATE.

(Concluded from page 160.)

“ **F**INDING it essential to the success of my plan, that my existence should be supposed terminated, I actually wrote a farewell to Velasco, in which I stated my intention of setting fire to the little cottage which contained myself and thee. This I did, and the night of the day on which I had despatched my letter, beheld our humble habitation in flames. During the development of this event I concealed myself with you in the neighbourhood. The event created but a slight sensation ; I had been avoided by all when living, and my supposed death was matter of regret to none. But I cared not for sympathy—my plan was better assisted by the absence of it ; had I been an object of strong interest, it is probable a longer and stricter search might have been made for my remains ; as it was, a very superficial one must have been instituted, or distrust would have been awakened. How he, your father, felt, I had no means of ascertaining ; but that he suffered little or nothing I may infer, as he mingled at the period in all the diversions of the city,

nor manifested any anxiety to prove the falsehood of the current opinion, that we had perished together in the conflagration. One evening, when the thick-spreading shadows of approaching night favoured the disguise I wore, I ventured a visit to the ruins of what had been my home of love. What was it now ? A scene of black desolation ! I gazed on the little garden, whose fragrance used to perfume the cottage, but the blossoms were withered, the bloom was fled. I beheld it as the emblem of my own destiny. Where was the sweetness of the flowers ? And where was my spirit's balm ? Gone, gone, for ever ! The elements of destruction had passed alike over each, and quenched them in their consuming wrath. One plant (and I fancied it a type of thee, dearest child) alone survived, and smiled amidst the darkness that surrounded it—yet some of its leaves were scorched and withered, the parent sap was corroded ; and when next I passed that way it was lying lifeless, faded and dead, with its once beautiful associates. Shall it be so with thee, Sebastian ?

—Previously to commencing my retributive operations, in order to disencumber myself of every tie of affection, and divest myself by degrees of every tender sympathy, I resolved to part with thee. I prevailed on Theresa Gomez, a young person who had formerly been a favourite playmate of mine, to take charge of your existence, until such time as I might come again to claim you. I left with her my miniature, and, as the only valuable I possessed, a splendid diamond cross, the last relic that remained of your father. As it was my wish to absent myself from Cadiz for some months, I accepted, through the recommendation of Theresa, a situation as attendant on an invalid lady travelling to Gibraltar. Thither we repaired, and had remained for near a year, when myself and Donna Olivia, the name of my mistress, were seized with an infectious fever, that proved rapidly fatal to her, though I escaped with life. After her death, finding, from the legacy that she had left me, I was not under the immediate necessity of farther servitude, I resolved on my return to Cadiz. I kept you in strict concealment, nor even ventured near the spot where my only child lived, from the fear of recognition—though I might have dismissed such apprehension; for who that looked on me, and beheld the wreck which sorrow, sickness, and the constant brooding over the darkest passions of our nature had made, could believe that I was the same Zidonia whose beauty had once been gazed on as a wonder? My very parents, had they lived, could not have known their offspring. I wandered one day to the castle of Velasco, and there saw him with his Leonora, still in all the pride and bloom of youthful loveliness, in the gardens; they were fondling their infant heir; and the sight of the child, who usurped thy rights in the affections of thy father, was madness to me. It was my wish and aim to obtain establishment in their house, in any capacity, however servile: this I had some

difficulty in effecting, but by perseverance and stratagem at length accomplished. I was admitted, and I trod the same rooms, breathed the same air with Velasco. Little did he imagine that the poor pale haggard menial, who flitted occasionally before him, was to be the instrument to hurl him, despite his pride and luxury, to a level with herself in lowliness and desolateness of spirit. Some of the more immediate attendants of the Marchioness aroused her curiosity respecting me, by a recital of some of my travelling adventures with which I was wont to entertain them. She ordered me into her presence, to amuse her during the temporary absence of Velasco on a foreign mission. I obeyed her mandate, and stood before her—I conversed with Velasco's wife! Oh! these four letters comprized for me a circle of torment beyond the extent of imagination. On dismissing me from her, she expressed her intention of *promoting* me to assistant-attendant on herself—to robe her for the feast, the masque, and the dance, and contribute to make her still lovelier in his eyes, whose devotion to her already only added a fresh stimulant to my purpose. On Velasco's return, a brilliant ball was announced to be given at the castle, in honour of the christening of the infant heir. The splendid decorations were completed, and the night at length arrived. I assisted in attiring the Marchioness and her child in the magnificent habiliments selected for the occasion. The sight of their unclouded happiness wrought me to madness, and determined me to the immediate execution of my design. The lady whom I had accompanied to Gibraltar, as I have before stated, died of a contagious fever, and so excessive had been the virulence of the disease, that all her apparel was directed to be destroyed. Among it was a Persian shawl of curious and rare manufacture; this so attracted me by its beauty, that I resolved to preserve it for the sake of making it profitable by selling it—reckless



that the purchase of 'it might prove fatal to the life of the wearer. This shawl I now hastily snatched from its remote concealment; and as the Marchioness, having added the final adornment to her dress, stood admiring her noble figure in the spacious mirror, I respectfully tendered it to her, to throw over her neck, urging my fears, that in her light costume she might take cold from the dampness and chilliness of the evening air. She availed herself of my offer, and passed many encomiums on the warmth and exquisite texture of it—nor cast it aside till the moment arrived for entering the ball-room. I then seized the opportunity of closely wrapping the infant heir in its envenomed folds. I retired to a lone room in the castle, and whilst the revellers were feasting below, I banquetted my soul with the dark food of revenge! Not one compunctious throb wrung my breast—it heaved with wild intoxicating joy: the object which so long induced me to bear with the galling load of a wretched existence, was about to be attained—I should witness Velasco bowed down and humiliated by sorrow, as he had seen me, nor sympathised in my distress. The hours flew by—the guests departed. The castle was silent. All slept save myself; I watched by the kindling flame of vengeance, and fanned its embers with the retrospect of my past wrongs. Suddenly the Marchioness's bell sounded! The peal sent the first note of joyousness to my heart, that had vibrated there for months. I awakened her attendants, and made my alarm and curiosity an excuse for accompanying her to the door of her lady's chamber. The cause was soon communicated—the Marchioness and her child were seized with strange and dangerous indisposition. Medical aid was summoned, only to confirm the worst fears of Velasco, and realize my best hopes. They were pronounced to exhibit symptoms of incipient plague! I will not waste my precious moments by detailing the affliction of the household,

the sufferings of the sick, and the agony of the husband. Enough, that despite the united efforts of the ablest professional assistance Cadiz afforded, the close of three days beheld the consummation of my scheme—the death of the Marchioness and her child, and the distraction of Velasco. Suspicion had never attached to me. All were in horror and surprise at the suddenness and malignity of the disease. I might have escaped untainted and innocent in the eyes of all, had such been my desire. But this was never my intent; it seemed as though my deed were yet incomplete, if I ratified it not with the seal of my avowal, and acknowledged myself to Velasco the avenger of my own injuries. I paused a few days to let the tempest of his grief subside, that the double pleasure might be mine of awakening the storm again. On the evening before that appointed for the obsequies, when I knew he was in the chamber of the dead, I softly entered the apartment. He was standing absorbed in grief by the side of the coffin, nor perceived till I drew close to him that his affliction had a witness. On observing me, he started, and demanded the cause of the intrusion. I replied, 'The artificer beholds with satisfaction the work of his ingenuity when it is finished; and I would fain gaze once more on the effort my genius has achieved, ere the dark tomb hides it from my view for ever.' He looked at me inquiringly for a moment, as if to ascertain whether I spoke under the influence of mental aberration, then ordered my instant departure. 'When the errand for which I entered is despatched,' I exclaimed, 'I will depart. Let me remain a while, I pray, in the room which contains the remains of my beloved mistress.' The tone of sarcasm in which I repeated the last words roused his indignation, and he again peremptorily insisted on my quitting his presence. I still refused, and on telling him that I had an important communication to make to him relative to the

death of the Marchioness, obtained permission to state it immediately. He listened to the details in silent and almost incredulous horror. Having asked me whence I gained my information, and the name of the individual whom I charged with the deadly crime, I answered with a loud and bitter laugh of triumph, 'She, Velasco, who was once as fair and as adored as the woman whom you mourn—she whom you found in innocence, and left in guilt—she whose heart was once incorporated with thine, and who, while one link of the chain of affection existed in thy breast, would have clung to thee in doom, despair and death—she whose love you sought with months of devotion, then spurned and despised her for bestowing it—she who, when you have fared in luxury and profusion, has been almost wild with want, and known not where to satisfy the cravings of hunger of her infant, and thy infant, thy first-born son!—she whom you have divorced from peace here, and hope hereafter; whose feelings you have indurated, whose nature you have changed—she who now stands before you, not as she has stood, in suppliance for your bounty and love, but as the declared, the fatal enemy of thee and thine: who has robbed you, as you deprived her, of her all of earthly bliss! You have forgotten me! My memory is more tenacious. I have blended thy image with every passing moment. Away and distant, I swore daily that I would yet meet thee again—aye! here, in this situation, by the bier of thy wife and child. My oath is fulfilled, and Velasco and Zidonia have met once more in this lower world!'

"Zidonia! You say false—she perished in the flames of her cottage!"

"It was believed so: this brain is fruitful in plotting; look at me attentively, Velasco;"—and I modulated his name, as softly as I had been wont to do. He seized my hand, and, dragging me to the window, wildly searched my features. The

scrutiny convinced him. Conscience, as if it at once annihilated every barrier which time and disease had interposed to the knowledge of my identity, gave the dull eye and faded cheek, the radiance and bloom of other days. With a deep groan of anguish, he relinquished my hand, exclaiming—

"Just heaven, I am punished! it is she, indeed!" and fell senseless to the ground.

"I tarried awhile ere I called the domestics to the assistance of their master. And now, while gazing on the lifeless form of Velasco, the first burning pang of remorse which I had yet experienced shot through my bosom. I had attained then what I had so ardently desired; two of my victims were before me dead; and the third I had deprived of temporary sense and motion. Yet was I happy? Did the flush of success crimson my cheek with the glow of pleasure? No, no, I was sick and faint with my own triumph. I had rejoiced with real gladness at the dissolution of my rival and her infant; but it harrowed my soul to see the proud, the noble, my own once-adored Velasco prostrate at my feet, while remembering that it was my efforts that had laid him there. I had fancied that the fount of sympathy, which nature has established in woman's breast, had long since petrified in mine—I was deceived. Woman's last sigh must be breathed ere the tear congeals in her eye, and refuses to dissolve and flow, while looking on the man she has once loved, in misery and pain! Wrongs and insults had been mine; and whilst the author of them revelled in happiness and pomp, I could hate him: but now he was reduced in spirit to a level with myself, and what I had anticipated would be my most glorious moment, proved my most agonizing one. I bent over him, I pillowed his head once more on my bosom, and the gushing tears that trickled from my lids, over his pale inanimate face, were distilled from my heart's inmost core. I took



his hand—I kissed it ; and the wild thrill of former transport rushed momentarily through my veins. That was the same hand which had so often clasped mine in the fervour of affection—it was cold and powerless now ! There was such a mournful luxury in gazing on him, and weeping over him undisturbed, that it was not till half an hour had nearly elapsed, and I found he still betrayed no symptoms of returning consciousness, that my alarm for his life vanquished every other feeling, and I resolved on summoning the aid of the attendants : their efforts revived him, and an ardent ejaculation of thanksgiving burst my lips when I beheld him resuscitated. He heard my voice, and turning on me a dreary look of shuddering terror, exclaimed, ‘ Take that woman from my view, and confine her—she is a murderess ! ’ The consciousness that he loathed me caused an instant reaction in my sentiments—tenderness and pity fled at the conviction, and hate was predominant again. I think I could have softened and repented had he bestowed a single tone or

look of forgiveness, but he was destined to co-operate with fate, to exclude me from Paradise. When sufficiently recovered, he sent for the officers of justice, and having related to them the substance of my confession, I was conveyed to prison. In this cell I have lived six days—tomorrow shall be my last—my trial over, my execution fixed, and my death shall speedily follow. But it shall not be, Sebastian, that, with scoffs and gibes, a taunting world shall tell thee thy mother perished as a malefactor ! No, this poison shall quench the breath of life, that has too long been shed. I write this, my boy, though scarcely do I know how it is to reach thy hands—for who will do a service for a convict ? Yet methinks the kind stranger who has attended me in my sickness will convey the dying record of a mother to her child. I fain would pray for thee, Sebastian, but know not how—and I would bless thee, but little would a blessing avail from lips so polluted as mine—the gaoler comes—farewell, my child—farewell for ever ! ”

#### THE WIFE AND THE WITCH.

(Concluded from page 135.)

A DAY and night had passed over the head of Agatha, when Albert again made his appearance, bringing with him some chocolate and bread.—“ Do you know any art,” said he, “ by which you could earn your bread ? ”—“ Oh, yes, I can weave silver lace of the most delicate texture ; and, if you will suffer me to go away, I will promise never to trouble you again.”—“ To lose you would be my greatest trouble ; therefore make your mind easy on that head, for you will never go hence except to show you to the old man in the state-bed next year. Materials shall be brought to you, and you must work neatly and hardily, for I can dispose of all that your labour will produce. Rise and eat,

that you may obtain strength to toil.” As the wretch spoke, he lashed her shoulders and arms with a whip, and the unhappy woman found herself compelled to swallow the food he offered. The necessaries for work were soon brought to her ; a chair, table, and increase of light, were conveyed to the dungeon to aid the design, and she began to weave gold and silver lace. For some time her faculties, stupified by misery, forbade all work likely to prove profitable ; but, as time softened her grief for the child, and her memory of that which had been the amusement of her childhood returned, she became more expert, and it was seen that she could indeed construct a beautiful and saleable article. If

she happened to be ill, and unable to complete the quantity required by her task-master, he never failed to give her blows, or to diminish her allowance of provisions; but there were times when he would lead her to an upper room for the purpose of giving her the day-light necessary for completing the more delicate parts of her work. These visits were of the greatest consequence to her, since they tended to inspire her with that hope which alone could support her. She thought of the Duchess of C—— and her long imprisonment, which was at length happily ended, and concluded that at some time or other her prayers would be answered and relief obtained, but trusted that she should never purchase it by sacrificing her fellow-creature's life.

Slowly did the time seem to pass in this miserable abode; yet it crept on, and every day made her more a proficient in her new business, in which she strove to improve, not only because we all have a pleasure in exerting our powers and exhibiting our taste, but because the goodness of her own nature led her to believe that Albert's heart would one day be softened toward her. His manners at present were less ferocious, but his desires were still more avaricious. He had found a good market for the commodity she produced, and was anxious to task her to the utmost: and, as he could trust no person with the lace so manufactured but himself, he was frequently absent for a week or ten days at a time, when the care of his unhappy wife was left to his mistress, the infamous Charlotte.

After one of these journeys he returned home in high good-humour, and brought to Agatha so large a quantity of gold and silver thread, that her heart sunk as she viewed it. She did not, however, make any comments, being afraid to provoke his brutality. When she lay down she could not sleep, but remained looking at the box which contained this source of her labours, and her

husband's future wealth, by the lamp that burned beside her. She looked until, to her fancy, the box slid gently from her eyes, as if it sunk into the ground. and she concluded that she was falling into slumber, although not sensible of such an inclination; but in another moment she felt her own feet seized and drawn gently down—the very place where she lay sunk under her, and in a few moments it was evident that she was placed in a vault still lower than that which she had lately occupied, and was left in total darkness.—“Surely,” she thought, “Albert will not murder me before I have woven the silver thread?” but, while she was endeavouring to arrange her thoughts, a light was seen to issue from a distant door, and, to her utter astonishment, her old friend Beatrice the witch appeared before her.

Making her a sign of silence, the hag set down the lamp, and showed her how to assist in restoring the large trap-door, by which, as an inclined plane, she had silently descended into the lower dungeon, and which had evidently been a work of extraordinary labour for so weak and aged a person to perform. Two pairs of hands were of course more effective; but the chains, pegs, bolts, and bars, were a long time in being restored to their places; and scarcely was the work effected, when they heard somebody unlocking the door which led to the upper dungeon, and the voice of Albert calling on his wife to arise and get instantly to work.—“I have promised,” he said, “to supply Moses Theodore, the Jew of Frankfort, with a stock of goods for the fair; and—how now, madam? are you sleeping yet? I must rouse you, I find.”—A loud blow on the empty pallet was followed by oaths and horrible execrations: several new voices were soon added, and such terrific denunciations against poor Agatha pronounced, that she was several times on the point of shrieking with terror, in which case her retreat would have been instantly discovered; but, as a vault *below*



the dungeon had never been suspected, the party busied themselves in vain with conjecturing the means of her escape, and at length protested that it could only arise from sorcery.

"Let us proceed to the house of the witch and burn it," said one,— "it is yet early, and no one will be stirring to assist her."—"Burn it! what, with all my silver thread in it! that will never do: Agatha is within the walls of the castle, and must be found," said Albert.—"She will no more be found there, than the body of the child you threw from the battlements to the keep;—depend upon it, the witch only knows where *she* is, or the child either."—"Nonsense! the witch is gone round the circle—let us search every part of the castle."

The wicked crew continued their search, and Beatrice, taking the trembling hand of Agatha, and the box of valuable thread, also moved forward, traversed subterranean passages and gloomy vaults, and at length emerged in the thickest part of a neighbouring wood. In the belief that the house of the witch, which was a large, low cottage, in the skirts of the village, might be subject to attack before the light fully re-appeared, they remained here for some time; and the open air, the fair face of heaven, the sweet songs of the birds, and the odour of the herbage, had such an effect upon Agatha, that her happy cheerful nature revived, and she declared herself equal to a life of the humblest labor, if she could be free from fear. "We shall soon prove that," said Beatrice, as she now placed the box on her friend's head, and led the way to her cottage, certain that she should meet with no hindrance from the villagers, who could not recollect the once handsome lady of the castle, in the pale and ill-clothed creature before them. They arrived there unnoticed by any one, and the door was opened by a little child in the roughest dress of the peasantry, in whose features Agatha instantly recognized

her dear little Frederic, and who, young as he was, seemed to have some faint recollection of her. After what she had heard respecting the loss of the boy, and what she had witnessed of the zeal and diligence of Beatrice in secretly exploring the castle, her good fortune in rescuing him, and her benevolence in succouring him, were the less surprising; but the more fondly Agatha gazed upon him, the more anxious she became to secure both herself and him from farther violence.

In fact, those who are fond of reading the emotions of the human heart, under circumstances of singular occurrence, might have found volumes for their development in the single day which followed to poor Agatha. So lively was her grateful joy at some moments, so dreadful her alarm at others, so affecting her memory of the past, so intense her cogitations for the future, that she might be almost said to live many years in that single day, so rapid and various were her ideas.

When darkness had fallen on the face of the earth, when the villagers slept soundly after their day's toil, and the inhabitants of the castle sought in the revels of the night to drown the memory of the morning's loss, Beatrice arrayed her guest in plain decent clothing, suited for respectable poverty, carefully removing every thing indicative of her past situation. She then took up the sleeping child, and tied him upon her back, whilst she carried in a basket a little necessary linen, some provisions, and, above all, the gold and silver thread. Thus provided, they crept forth in silence, skirted the foot of that tremendous castle which conveyed to them only the most fearful ideas, and pursued their way through the mountainous country which led them into the heart of the German empire.

We all know the power of strong excitement, and can conceive what exertions even the weakened frame of the long-suffering Agatha might make under the peculiar circum-

stances of her situation. It was not till many a toilsome mile was passed, and till the wants of the awakened child demanded sustenance, that the travellers halted. They stopped first on the brow of a lofty hill which would have shown pursuers, had there been any, for a great distance :—no such were seen, but a column of smoke was ascending from Lemberg, and from its direction they concluded that it was the cottage of Beatrice which had been sacrificed to the vengeance of Albert at the hour of midnight. They journed till mid-day, and then found shelter till night, paying for their accommodation from the scanty purse of Beatrice, who, whatever might be her powers, did not appear to be gifted with that of the alchemist. Indeed, she was a great puzzle to Agatha, who, although she felt the sincerest gratitude and affection for her, and disbelieved the vulgar reports, could not divest herself of some degree of awe in the presence of Beatrice. In her anger there was an expression of almost superhuman rage, and, in her threats or predictions, a self-satisfied appearance that assumed upon those faculties attributed to her ; but her general conduct was that of kindness to all around her, and more good sense than is generally met with even among superior persons.

As Frankfort on the Oder was Agatha's original neighbourhood, she wished to avoid it, and, in due time, by dint of great labor and much suffering, they reached Frankfort on the Maine, not without hopes of finding the person who would have purchased the silver lace of Albert. On arriving there, by disposing of a part of the costly thread, they procured a lodging in the most populous part of that city, rightly judging that there is no solitude so difficult to penetrate as that of crowded cities. Their humble abode consisted of two small rooms, Beatrice declaring, that she should spin for a living, but that she must spin alone, which Agatha did not regret, as she could contrive her paterus better when not interrupted,

and could have the child near her when thus engaged, whose sweet prattle did not disturb her.

The establishments of poverty are soon arranged ; and now Agatha (who, being at a great distance from her wicked husband and his dissolute companions, felt that she should breathe in safety) was impatient to begin that life of humble industry which, she concluded, would henceforward be her lot. Accordingly she applied with a diligence she had never used before, and for some days she was so occupied by her work, that she was insensible to the prattle of the child, or any other sound ; but after a time she was less absorbed, and could scarcely forbear to smile when in the adjoining chamber she heard old Beatrice singing, as if she also had been delivered from thralldom. The voice of the witch was not displeasing, and, although it was very low, was sufficiently audible.

“ Morna, Morna, all I ask  
To thee will be a lightsome task ;  
'Tis not vengeance, 'tis not pleasure ;  
No! 'tis measure given for measure.”

So often did she repeat these words in one soft and pleasing tune, that Agatha, without particularly noticing them, or supposing that she had caught them, soon found herself in the habit of singing them ; and, when *she* did so, the child, who loved her exceedingly, and was proud of catching her words, began to lisp them—also, at which times the old woman, who necessarily heard them both, generally ceased to sing, but turned her wheel with great trepidation, and declared soon after, that it was now time she should return to her own country, and begin her wonted perambulations around the circle.

“ But, alas ! you have now no cottage at Lemberg,” said Agatha, “ and we are certain you *have* enemies :—why would you go thither, my good friend ?”—“ That I may *curse* those enemies,” replied Beatrice, with that deep and terrible voice, used only in her moods of apparent inspiration, to which her friend never could reply.



On the following morning she rose before day-light, and, kissing Agatha and the child, bade them adieu in a solemn and affecting manner, observing with an air of mystery, "that it was not likely they should meet again in this world, for her race was nearly run, but that it was her comfort to know, that she had repaid the love of the only one of her fellow-creatures to whom she had ever been indebted for it. Agatha was deeply moved; she entreated her to stay,

urged to fulfil to her the last duties of a daughter, and besought her not to go out among strangers, in age and poverty; but, although tears trickled down the deeply furrowed cheeks of Beatrice, she would not yield. "I have yet work to perform," she said; "and all thou canst do now is to observe my bidding. Whenever there is thunder in a cloudless sky at Frankfort, lose no time in setting out for Lemberg, taking the town of Bielefeld in your way, for at that place you may close the dying eyes of those who loved you, and those whom you loved."

So saying, Beatrice waved her hand, as if she wished to prevent all farther question or remonstrance; but, at the moment when she passed the threshold, Agatha heard her mutter thus:

"The thread is spun, the spell's begun,  
'Twas sung by the wife, and lisp'd by  
the son;  
Measure for measure is blood for blood,  
And sorrow for sorrow is just and good.  
Thou hast burn'd my old dwelling; but  
know that its smart  
Shall be fire in thy veins, and a flame in  
thy heart."

As Agatha listened to these words, her limbs shook, less from any superstition on the subject of witchcraft, than from a sense of grief and horror at the malignant and revengeful disposition of Beatrice. From this temper poor Agatha was so free, that, as long as she could find bread for herself and little Frederic, take him to church, and gain an hour for a private walk by the side the river, she could forget and forgive all she

had suffered. Yet was she deeply sensible of the crimes of Albert, and, when the year came round, she trembled exceedingly for the life of the good steward, which might be sacrificed by the wretches at the castle; and she therefore resolved to write to the count, but to do it in a disguised hand and anonymously, lest she should fall into the hands of her husband, the very thought of which rendered her so wretched as to destroy all power of exertion.

Although the child was not more than two years old when he was thrown over the battlements, he had a sense of terror so deeply impressed on his mind, in consequence of that outrage, and also of the pain arising from his being lacerated by the branches of a tree which caught and saved him, that he was always ready to sympathize in the fears and feelings of the lady whom he believed to be his mother. Beneath her care he grew as strong as well as lovely child; and, as she had availed herself of the communication she received respecting Moses Theodore, the lace-dealer, little Frederic soon became of use to her, in receiving his orders, or conveying to him his mother's work. The continuance of the war rendered her labors profitable; and, as even the Jew paid her handsomely, since it was for his own interest, she was, in the course of two or three years, enabled to maintain both herself and the child in great comfort. It was her particular desire to render the mind of this child, and even his manners and attainments, as like to those of her first husband, and as unlike to the character of her second, as it was possible; for, as she had been acquainted with no other men except her virtuous old uncle, so she had no standard beside them whereby she could measure good and evil. She was aware that she had loved the second with a fondness which she never felt for the first; but, as she now thought more of the major than she had ever done, she became more attached to him than she had ever been. This

disposition she cultivated in herself, because she found, that, although it renewed her sorrow for his loss, it served to weaken the memory of her own imprudence, and her present husband's baseness and criminality. It was well for her that her mind was thus employed; for the regularity of her life, the repose of her long-harassed spirit, and the good air and nourishment she now enjoyed, had so restored her health and her beauty, as to render her exceedingly attractive, especially as her sweetness of temper was conspicuous alike in her voice and countenance.

At this period war was still raging between France and Germany, and some prisoners of the former nation were then in Frankfort, whose rank and bravery rendered them objects of attention. Like all other children, Agatha's protégé was fond of soldiers; and one day when he was carrying a roll of lace to its destination, and going the nearest way, which was by the river side, his eye was attracted by the helmet and laced clothes of an officer, which were lying on the bank. In another moment his eye glanced toward a person bathing, and he saw him sink with such a look of distress as tended to prove that the action was involuntary. The stranger rose again, and Frederic in trembling eagerness threw out the long silver bandage which he had in his hand, at the same time calling loudly for assistance. The drowning man caught the help thus offered, but was on the point of drawing the child into the river (for he was too heroic to resign the hope of effecting his purpose), when two persons hastened to his aid, and it was found that they had saved the life of a French general of great importance.

It may be supposed, that the child was loaded with caresses, and his name eagerly inquired, to which he answered, "that he was Frederic, and his mother Agatha Seigenstadt, and that count Seigenstadt was her uncle, he believed, and lived in Vienna."—"And your father was an

officer?" said the general, musing.—

"Yes, sir, I think so, but I know nothing about him."—"How should you, my poor boy?—I remember well a German soldier was found, severely wounded, on the ensanguined field of Jena, who revived and was sent to France with other prisoners. He described himself as of rank, and of that name, but in the confusion of the time was not attended to. I will leave no means untried, my little man, to restore to you a father whom doubtless his friends have long numbered with the dead:—in the mean time you must take me to your mother." But Frederic would not do this: he knew that his mother admitted no gentleman on any pretext to her lodgings, and he dreaded that the general might perform his promise and restore his father. When the situation of his mother was explained, this retirement was accounted for in the mind of the gallant officer, who concluded that the major's widow was left in poverty, and now resolved to make a diligent search for the long-imprisoned officer, and restore him to his wife and son.

When Frederic returned home with the ruined lace, the general's present, and his communication, Agatha became exceedingly agitated; she saw the possibility that the major might be still alive, and feared that the law would give her to the husband with whom she had lived so long, though so unhappily, rather than to one to whom she had only been betrothed. At this moment her meditations were interrupted by the child, who said, "The thunder is very loud; but there is no appearance of rain."—Agatha listened; it did indeed thunder, yet the sky was cloudless and the day serene.—"Mysterious woman," she exclaimed, "I will obey thee, not surely as an agent of evil, but to me of good. God grant that I may soothe thy departing spirit; for to me thou wast a friend in the hour of trouble."

In a few hours Agatha and the child were on their way to Biele-



feld, toward which they proceeded sometimes on foot, and sometimes in such carriages as they could procure. The idea of going to Lemberg, and of looking even toward the valley where it lay, was insupportable to Agatha; but to pay the last attentions to the witch, beside being a duty, was a subject of intense interest on the score of curiosity, as she now fancied that Beatrice might disclose or explain the mystery of her dead or living lord. She arrived at Bielefeld on the second night of her journey at a very late hour, and to her great distress found the inns occupied, and the town, though large, so full of strangers, that no person was willing to admit her. The boy who had driven her, grieved for her distress, especially as it was then raining heavily, offered to take her to the house of his only acquaintance, who, he said, was a very honest man, though the keeper of a prison.

Agatha was thankful for any asylum, and the keeper's wife was kind to her, as she said, "for the sake of the pretty child," whom she was sorry to consign to a miserable room adjoining a place where a criminal lay who might disturb them.—"He is safely chained, and his wife is permitted to spend the night with him; to-morrow he sets out for the mines to which he is condemned," said she.—"Poor man!" said Agatha, with a sigh.—"As to that, he deserves it twice over; so don't let pity for him disturb you, and be sure that, although you may hear him (for our walls are very thin *withinside*), he cannot injure you."

In this strange receptacle the fatigued child slept soundly; but Agatha, though wearied, could not rest. She was endeavouring to procure some repose, when she was disturbed by a voice which shook her inmost soul; for it was that of Albert, which she had hoped to hear no more.

"Is there no hope of being saved from these cursed mines?—will no human being intercede for me? are you sure that Agatha is dead?"—"I dare say *you* are, for I doubt not

you killed her," was the reply of Charlotte.—"I tell you I did *not*.—Why did I burn the witch's house, and get myself into this cursed dilemma, but because I thought she had contrived her escape?—Have I not been wounded, sick, and in prison almost ever since that dreadful time, and tormented by you eternally; yet have I ever swerved from the assurance that I know nothing of her?"—"If she should be still living, could she befriend you, who treated her so barbarously—*you* who killed your own innocent child—who squandered her property? could she intercede for a gamester, robber, murderer?"—"Yes, fiend, she could, and she would; for she is an angel as much as thou art a devil. Oh! that I could find her! I would rather die a thousand times than go to the mines."—"Then be easy, for you have your wish."—"What mean you?—what new miseries have you invented for me?"—"I have given *you* the very powder you prepared for your wife—you swallowed it in your supper."

A long horrible howl, and the clanking of the chains, evinced the agony of the wretched prisoner.—Agatha took her lamp, and set out to seek the keeper and his attendants, who quickly repaired to the prison. They found Albert suffering under all the tortures of poison, and gathered from him, and the late partner of his guilt, sufficient means for bringing home his murder to *her*, without detaining Agatha, who suffered so severely from this horrible termination of her unhappy marriage, as to dread the idea of remaining in the place where it happened. She would not, however, leave the town without endeavouring to learn whether Beatrice was there; but, not choosing to describe her as a witch, she had no means of effecting her purpose, and was on the point of setting out for Lemberg, when her charity was asked for a person who once lived in that place, and was now in great distress.—"Lead me to her instantly," said Agatha,—

The messenger complied, and she was conducted to Beatrice, whom she found on a wretched pallet, speechless, and breathing her last. She evidently knew her visitor, and made many efforts to utter something, but died in silence.

Whatever had been the real or imagined errors of this eccentric woman, Agatha felt that she owed some respect to her memory, and stayed a week in the town for the purpose of consigning her remains to the earth with religious solemnity. During that time Albert also was buried, and Charlotte executed. After these awful events Agatha set out for the castle of Lemberg, whence she determined to write to the count, and relate the extraordinary news of Frederic, as communicated by the French general at Frankfort. When she arrived at Lemberg, she found the whole village in commotion, and saw various parties in all directions flocking to the castle. She therefore alighted, and, taking Frederic by the hand, proceeded thither also. Conceiving that the old count was dead, and that some other heir was taking possession, she resolved to maintain the rights of that beloved husband whom she still hoped to find alive. Full of this idea, she followed the people through the open gates, and, when she found herself in the midst of them, cried out as loud as her agitation permitted, "Good people, Frederic is still alive; protect the rightful heir!"—"We know *he* is alive, we came here to receive him," cried a voice; "but *you*! how came you alive?"—"Surely that is the count, the good old count, whom

I did not think to find alive," said Agatha.

"My poor Agatha!" said one who eagerly pressed through the crowd, and clasped her to his heart: she looked in his face, and, overpowered alike with joy, grief, shame and hope, fainted in his arms.—"Dear Agatha!" said the fond but anxious husband—"I know the sad story of your marriage and your sufferings from my uncle, who gave me the meeting here, and means to end his days with us; but tell me who is this child whom the French general supposed to be mine, and to whom we owe this happy meeting."—"Alas! he is the child of a sinful father and a weak mother, and no relation either to you or to me; but he has been nurtured hitherto in tenderness and virtue, and made by Heaven the instrument of good to *you*; therefore I trust you never will forsake him."—"Never," said the major, and he adhered to his promise; for he educated him admirably, and in due time bestowed upon him his only daughter, a lovely girl, greatly resembling her mother.

After this unexpected change of fortune, Agatha recovered much of the vivacity and all the happiness of her early life. Again the walls of the castle re-echoed her song; again the poor of the village were blessed by her bounty. On the real or pretended knowledge of the witch she often meditated, but could never come to any positive conclusion on the subject, and would not suffer it to disturb that felicity which she now enjoyed.

---

#### THE LIGHT SUPPER,

OR, OYSTERS IN ABUNDANCE.—A TALE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

'Twas at a feast in London's city given,  
By a rich Dame of fifty-seven:—  
Self-pois'd in awkward state,  
The lavish widow sate  
On a work'd cushion, by Time's fingers  
riven.

Two ladies and two gentlemen,  
With pomp invited, grac'd the board—  
Each one with appetite made keen,  
By looking long to see it richly  
stored.



At length—but here my muse must retro-  
grade,  
To trace by which of nature's shocks  
volcanic,  
A passage through the Lady's heart was  
made,  
Through which came orders, to her maid  
a panic!

"Betty! myself, Miss P., and Mistress Q.,  
By Mr H. and Mr O.,  
This evening are invited to the play;  
And, as the gentlemen will always pay,  
I have agreed to go:—  
Now, as these ladies but last week have  
both  
Given good suppers, I (though very loath)  
Must give one too.—

"Now, Betty, ev'ry one must know,  
That heavy suppers are unwholesome—so  
I am resolv'd to give a light one—  
So, at this season of the year,  
As oysters are not very dear,  
If one gives plenty, why, they cannot  
slight one."

"Oysters!" quoth Betty—"you know,  
ma'am, they are  
Sixpence a dozen at the least"—  
"Sixpence!" cries madam, with a splutter—  
"Well, Betty, you must try all in your  
power  
To get them lower—  
At any rate, it is my wish  
That you get *half a dozen*—on a dish—  
Spread them with care;  
And then, with sundry bread and divers  
butter,  
'Twill for the party make a feast."

"Six oysters!" echoed Betty, with a grin—  
"Why, I shall be asham'd, ma'am, I  
declare,  
To bring them in"—  
"Nonsense!" cries madam, in a huff,  
"You only do your errand,  
Get the half dozen oysters, and I warrant,  
That there will be enough,  
Aye, and to spare."

Well—behold madam at the play house  
seated,  
Where she, of course, was treated—  
Time flies—the curtain drops—and all  
make ready  
To leave the boxes upper,  
And the snug party break—  
When madam asks each gentleman and  
lady  
To do her the vast honour to partake  
Of a light supper!

Our long digression, gents, is at an end—  
We left the party seated at the table,  
And there we find 'em—  
Therefore, not too much useless time to  
spend,  
With all the brevity imaginable,  
We shall proceed to tell  
How Betty, leeringly appear'd behind 'em,  
High bearing the testaceous edible!

Seeing this mountain-parturition,  
Miss P. and Mrs Q. could hardly choose  
But laugh, sans intermission—  
But, marking the dame's serious brow,  
Were fain  
To mind their *P's* and *Q's*;  
While the two gentlemen,  
Bending their necks to an immoderate  
stretch,  
Glared on the thinly scatter'd mucil-  
lage—  
Poor H. expectorated "*Oh*"  
And O.'s poor inwards grumbled *ache*,  
As Kemble used to say upon the stage.

"You'll take an oyster, ladies," cries the  
dame,  
"And, gentlemen, you'll do the same"—  
They each take *one*—  
"There's bread and butter—pray help one  
another—  
'Twill save all pother."

"As to myself, I scarce dare venture take  
An oyster with you—  
Suppers are hurtful things—one's rest they  
break,  
And sadly writhe you—  
But I'll e'en try—though it's best let  
alone—  
You hold your glass, sir,—pray do you  
choose water?  
My maid can fetch some porter,  
If you prefer it"—  
"Oh, by no means!" of course was the  
reply.—

Thus, having serv'd the table round,  
One oyster still remain'd upon the dish—  
But, though press'd all in turn, not one  
was found  
So great a solecism would commit,  
To take the solitary fish.

"Betty, we've done—you may the table  
clear"—  
The dame with spirit  
Vaunted—"and see, you find that I was  
right—  
Your head ran so ridiculously high,  
To lay in an extravagant redundancy;  
You see we have had *oysters in abun-  
dant*—  
There's *one to spare*!"

“JAN SCHALKEN’S THREE WISHES.”

A DUTCH LEGEND.

**A**T a small fishing village in Dutch Flanders, there is still shown the site of a hut, which was an object of much attention whilst it stood, on account of a singular legend that relates to its first inhabitant, a kind-hearted fellow, who depended on his boat for subsistence, and his own happy disposition for cheerfulness during every hardship and privation. Thus the story goes: one dark and stormy night in winter, as Jan Schalken was sitting with his good-natured buxom wife by the fire, he was awakened from a transient doze by a knocking at the door of his hut. He started up, drew back the bolt, and a stranger entered. He was a tall man, but little could be distinguished either of his face or figure, as he wore a large dark cloak, which he had contrived to pull over his head after the fashion of a cowl. “I am a poor traveller (said the stranger,) and want a night’s lodging. Will you grant it to me?” “Aye, to be sure, (replied Schalken,) but I am afraid your cheer will be but sorry. Had you come sooner you might have fared better. Sit down, however, and eat of what is left.” The traveller took him at his word, and in a short time afterwards retired to his humble sleeping-place. In the morning as he was about to depart, he advanced towards Schalken, and giving him his hand, thus addressed him: “It is needless for you, my good friend, to know who I am; but of this be assured, that I can and will be grateful; for when the rich and the powerful turned me last night from their inhospitable gates, you welcomed me as man *should* welcome man, and looked with an eye of pity on the desolate traveller in the storm. I grant you three wishes. Be they what they may, those wishes shall be gratified.” Now Schalken certainly did not put much faith in

these promises, but still he thought it the safest plan to make trial of them; and, accordingly, began to consider how he should fix his wishes. Jan was a man who had few or no ambitious views; and was contented with the way of life in which he had been brought up. In fact, he was so well satisfied with his situation, that he had not the least inclination to lose a single day of his laborious existence; but, on the contrary, had a very sincere wish of adding a few years to those which he was destined to live. This gave rise to wish the first. “Let my wife and myself live (he said) fifty years longer than nature has designed:” “It shall be done,” cried the stranger. Whilst Schalken was puzzling his brain for a second wish, he bethought him that a pear-tree, which was in his little garden, had been frequently despoiled of its fruit, to the no small detriment of the said tree, and grievous disappointment of its owner. “For my second wish, grant that whoever climbs my pear-tree shall not have power to leave it until my permission be given.”

This was also assented to. Schalken was a sober man, and liked to sit down and chat with his wife of an evening; but she was a bustling body, and often jumped up in the midst of a conversation that she had only heard ten or twelve times, to scrub the table or set their clay platters in order. Nothing disturbed him so much as this, and he was determined, if possible, to prevent a recurrence of the nuisance. With this object in view, he approached close to the stranger, and in a low whisper told him his third and last wish: that whoever sat in a particular chair in his hut, should not be able to move out of it until it should please him so to order. This wish was agreed to by the traveller,



who, after many greetings, departed on his way. Years passed on, and his last two wishes had been fully gratified by often detaining thieves in his tree, and his wife on her chair. The time was approaching when the promise of longevity would be falsified or made manifest. It happened that the birth-days of the fisherman and his wife were the same. They were sitting together on the evening of the day that made him 79 years, and Mietje 73 years of age, when the moon that was shining through the window of the hut seemed suddenly to be extinguished, and the stars rushed down the dark clouds and lay glaring on the surface of the ocean, over which was spread an unnatural calmness, although the skies appeared to be mastered by the winds, and were heaving onward, with their mighty waves of clouds. Birds dropped dead from the boughs, and the foliage of the trees turned to a pale red. All seemed to prognosticate the approach of Death: and in a few minutes afterwards sure enough he came. He was, however, very different from all that the worthy couple had heard or fancied of him. He was certainly rather thin, and had very little colour, but he was well dressed, and his deportment was that of a gentleman. Bowing very politely to the ancient pair, he told them he merely came to give notice that by right they should have belonged to him on that day, but a fifty year's respite was granted, and when that period had expired, he should visit them again. He then walked away, and the moon, and the stars, and the waters regained their natural appearance. For the next fifty years every thing passed on as quietly as before; but as the time drew nigh for the appointed advent of Death, Jan became thoughtful, and he felt no pleasure at the idea of the anticipated visit. The day arrived, and Death came preceded by the same horrors as on the former occasion. "Well, good folks, (said he), you now can have no objection to accompany me; for assuredly you have

hitherto been highly privileged, and have lived long enough." The old dame wept and clung feebly to her husband, as if she feared they were to be divided after passing away from the earth on which they had dwelt so long and so happily together. Poor Schalken also looked very downcast, and moved after Death but slowly. As they passed by Jan's garden, he turned to take a last look at it, when a sudden thought struck him. He called to Death and said, "Sir, allow me to propose something to you. Our journey is a long one, and we have no provisions; I am too infirm, or I would climb yonder pear-tree, and take a stock of its best fruit with us; you are active and obliging, and will, I am sure, Sir, get it for us." Death, with great condescension, complied, and ascending the tree, gathered a great number of pears, which he threw down to old Schalken and his wife. At length he determined upon descending, but to his surprise and apparent consternation, discovered that he was immovable; nor would Jan allow him to leave the tree until he had given them a promise of living another half century.

They jogged on in the old way for fifty years more, and Death came to the day. He was by no means so polite as he had formerly been, for the trick that Schalken had put upon him offended his dignity and hurt his pride not a little. "Come, Jan," said he, "you used me scurvily the other day, (Death thinks but very little of fifty years!) and I am now determined to lose no time—come."

Jan was sitting at his table, busily employed in writing, when Death entered. He raised his head sorrowfully, and the pen trembled in his hand as he thus addressed him, "I confess that my former conduct towards you merits blame, but I have done with such knaveries now, and have learnt to know that life is of little worth, and that I have seen enough of it. Still, before I quit this world I should like to do all the good I can, and was engaged when you

arrived in making a will, that a poor lad, who has been always kind to us, may receive this hut and my boat. Suffer me but to finish what I have begun, and I shall cheerfully follow wherever you may lead. Pray sit down, in a few minutes my task will be ended." Death, thus appealed to, could refuse no longer, and seated himself in a chair, from which he found it as difficult to rise as he had

formerly to descend from the pear-tree. His liberation was bought at the expence of an additional fifty years, at the end of which period, and exactly on their birth-day, Jan Schalken and his wife died quietly in their bed, and the salt water flowed freely in the little village, in which they had lived long enough to be considered the father and mother of all its inhabitants.

---

LETTERS OF A SOUTH-AMERICAN SEAMAN.

*See Vol. IV. N. S. Page 162.*

LETTER V.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

**I**N a former letter, I told you something about the slaves I had seen here in such multitudes, groaning under their heavy labours and hard bondage. What I have seen hitherto, however, has never struck me so much as the scenes of this day. I had never before seen any human beings, after they were made prisoners or captives, actually exposed in the streets for sale, like cattle in a market. This day I witnessed from twelve to twenty of these miserable objects placed outside the shop-doors of their proprietors, that they might arrest the attention of any passing stranger who wished to make a purchase. They were all young; I should think in general between eight and sixteen years of age. Several of them were girls, and perfectly naked, except a slight covering round the middle—their heads all closely shaven, I suppose for the purpose of keeping them clean; and being all seated on the bare pavement, with their heels drawn close in, their long black naked knees bent up by their cheeks, and their heads hanging down between, gave them a very disgusting appearance; indeed, with their long, lank, naked arms and legs, and the attitude in which they were sitting, they had more the appearance of a species of monkeys, than of human

*Roads of Pernambuco, Oct. 1821.*

beings. Some of their countenances, nevertheless, on being narrowly inspected, looked remarkably interesting; there were others whose faces indicated nothing but sulkiness and stupidity. It was a pitiful spectacle, to see the poor creatures all look up with a deep interest in the face of any passenger who stopped to look at them, anxious to learn if he intended to purchase, which of their little party he was going to select for his choice, and whether he looked as a person who would treat them with kindness. Then they were all so young, with such a pitiful expression of innocence and helplessness, and simplicity in their looks. Several little sisters, with the parents, torn from their native homes, and exposed for sale in a foreign market, and in hourly expectation of some purchaser who would take away one of them, perhaps to treat her cruelly, when far from the little family circle where her other sisters shared with her the communion of misery. I am told that they think but little of their captivity, so long as they are in company with their sisters and brothers; but when a little family of three or four have been all taken together, and transported from Africa to a distant land, their hearts more warmly knit together by their mutual sufferings in a long voyage; it



is painful beyond expresssion to see them severed in the slave-market, one sister bought by one master, another by another, clinging round each other's necks at parting, to take a long farewell; it may be never to meet again. Often in such scenes the old father and mother have to wait the *last* in the market, before they meet with a purchaser, and see their sons and their daughters torn from their sight one by one, some to one province of the empire, some to another, all to be parted; the most of them with the certain prospect of passing their lives in suffering and sorrow; no friend near them in their hours of sickness, except the master, who will treat them with some attention, not from sympathy with their misery, but as he would treat a horse when unwell, that it may soon be better, and again able to drudge out its miserable existence in gaining him money. This is, in general, the principle from which proceeds any kindness shewn to the slaves in their hours of sickness and affliction.

I have not seen the general slave-market here; I am told there are but few slaves in it at present. When once we go to Bahia, which will be in a few days, I shall there see such, I believe on a larger scale, and tell you all I know about it. The slaves I have seen here for sale in the streets I suppose are private property; perhaps bought by the score, at a general sale, by some rich merchant that he may retail them at an advanced price, and make so much profit. This practice, I am told, is not uncommon among the more wealthy proprietors in this country. They not only purchase slaves, that they may have their lands cultivated, but purchase them just by the way of money-making, like any other article of commerce, when they see a chance of making a profitable speculation. I have been informed of a wealthy surgeon, not in this place, but on the coast, who performed an act of benevolence towards some black slaves from a very

queer principle. A number of his wealthy neighbours had slaves, who were like to become losing bargains on account of bruises, and sores, and lameness, and diseases of various kinds, rendering them unable to work. They would have been glad to get quit of them on any terms, as they were considered almost past hopes of recovery, at least of being useful; and so long as they were in their possession, for the sake of their own character, they were obliged to give them something to keep them alive, however miserable their existence might be. The surgeon took advantage of the disposition of his neighbours to get quit of their diseased slaves,—examined the nature of their various complaints,—said there was very little hope of recovery, but at the same time told their masters that he was willing to purchase them all, provided they would give them to him at a very low price. He purchased them for a mere trifle,—took them home to his own house,—and by proper medical treatment healed all their diseases,—fed them a while on healthy food, till they were all plump and fat, and had a fine strong healthy appearance; then *took them to market*, like so many horses, after good keeping,—sold them at extravagant prices, and made a great deal of money by his *charitable* speculation! It is very shocking at first for an Englishman to listen to the conversation of two regular slave-jockeys, when they are imparting to one another, with a sort of *knaveish* confidence, the various artifices by which they contrived to get rid of a slave whom they considered a bad bargain. They will tell how he was ill-natured—how he was of a quarrelsome disposition,—how he was a thief,—how he was lazy,—how he was subject to such and such a disease,—how his hands and his feet were tender, and could not endure hard labour, &c; and then they exult so much in having taken good care of him for a while, feeding him well until he looked healthy and cheerful, and then at

last taking him to the market and selling him, *with all his faults*, at a high price, just as a horse-jockey would exult in having cheated his neighbour with a broken-winded, fine-looking horse.

I told you in the former part of this letter that there were few slaves in the market here at present: it, however, bids fair to be well supplied shortly, for there is a ship just heaving in sight under the Portuguese flag, which, I am told, by those who have looked at her through the glass, is a slave ship. I shall write you no further till she comes in, and then I will tell you what is to be seen.

---

Yesterday the ship of which I told you came in, and as she anchored at no great distance from the stern of our frigate, I had the opportunity of having a very distinct view of her through the glass. The deck was quite crowded with slaves of both sexes, and of all ages, from infancy to grey hairs. They were all naked, except one little rag round their middle. I suppose they never get any other clothing till once they are bought, when their new master gives them what clothes he chooses. They had all their heads close shaved, which gave them a very disagreeable appearance; and if they were huddled as close together below as they were on deck, the confined air, from so many naked bodies, in such a hot climate, must, I should suppose, have been very injurious to their health. There seemed to be very little stir or animation among them, but all eyes were turned towards the shore of the strange land, destined to be the place of their captivity. I could see now and then a scanty allowance of something served out to them for eating and drinking, but I was not near enough to discern what it was. After the slaveship had fairly anchored, a large boat was hoisted out, perhaps about the size of a frigate's launch, and into this the poor captives were crowded, to be conveyed

to the market. The first cargo that came on shore were all women; I think there might be forty or fifty stowed into the boat; it had seats all round it, and was evidently built for the purpose; on these seats they were all arranged in rows, fore and aft, and athwart ship: and in the stern of the boat was the person who commanded with a whip in his hand; placed, also, round the sides of the boat, at regular intervals, sat the rather old, wither-faced negro women, with something in the shape of a white turban wrapt round their heads, I suppose, as a mark of authority; all the rest of their bodies quite naked, except the rag round the middle, and *they also* had whips in their hands, or a kind of scourges, made of something resembling whiplashes. As soon as the boat moved off from the ship, there was begun a wild song, in which only a few took a part, but after they had sung a little, they all seemed to join in chorus. It was, I imagine, an African song; the stanzas were very short, and with but few notes in the music; it seemed very simple, and they joined in it with a kind of *yell*, which reminded me of what I have read of the war-songs of the Indians. It was the strangest, wildest music; indeed I never heard any thing before, either for cadence or rhyme, that had the slightest resemblance to it. I regret much that I was not musician enough to take down the notes, for, simple as they were, the air was to me so strange, that I cannot remember it; but under all the circumstances, it has left an impression on my mind that I shall never forget. It was like something wild and unearthly; but there was nothing in it that struck me as being in any degree *plaintive*; indeed from what I saw afterwards, the music seemed to have been gotten up for a purpose exactly the reverse of lamentation; for they had not long sung till a number of them gave over joining in the chorus, obviously from want of spirits; and as soon as any of them became silent, I perceived the old black ne-



gro women, with the white turbans and the scourges, give them some lashes, which make them begin again. The tide and the swell drove the boat immediately under our lee; they were at one time close along side of us, and I had the opportunity of seeing all that was going on; they were all women, and you can scarcely imagine a more disgusting spectacle than the old, naked, infernal hags, with their black wrinkled faces, and white turbans, and brown withered breasts, and the scourges in their hands, with which they flogged the poor sorrowful-looking *young* creatures, to make them sing mirthful songs to keep up their spirits, when they were evidently far more inclined to weep; and then the moving engine of the whole was a silly-looking, sallow-faced Portuguese devil, about five feet high, of a very slender make and boyish appearance, with his whip in his hand in the stern of the boat. He was evidently well cut out for the inhuman employment, for, young as he was, his face bore the expression of cold-blooded cruelty, and as if he seemed to take delight in shewing his authority, by treating and causing to be treated, the victims who were under him with the most unfeeling brutality. He made them sing all the way to the shore in spite of their sorrow; and when any of them refused, there was a fresh application of the whip or the scourge, until they joined again in the chorus.

Who the old black hags were I know not; they seemed to be obedient to his nod, and quite prepared, even with a malignant pleasure, for inflicting any degree of punishment which he thought fit to command. I suppose they must have been old slaves or slave-drivers, trained to the service, for they seemed to have no sort of sympathy or fellow-feeling with the young ones, over whom they ruled with so much rigour. They changed the songs once or twice. I could not make myself altogether certain, but I imagined that the old ones with the turbans, took the lead, and then the young ones were obliged to follow. It brought to my recollection the Jews, who, when carried into captivity, hung up their harps on the willows by the rivers of Babylon, and wept when they remembered Zion. "For they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the songs of Zion in a strange land?"

I have nothing more of any importance to tell you at present.—We sail for Bahia to-morrow. If I go on writing at this rate, you are likely to have a number of letters by the time I have visited Bahia, Rio-de-Janeiro, the River Plata, Cape Horn, Chili, Valparaiso, Peru, Lima, and the Andes.—Farewell for the present.

## STANZAS TO —.

*All that I saw returns upon my view,  
All that I heard comes back upon my ear.*—WORDSWORTH.

A vision cross'd me as I slept—  
A vision unallied to pain;—  
And in my day-dreams it has kept  
Possession of my heart and brain;  
It is a portion of my soul,  
And, if the soul may never die,  
That vision now is past control,  
And shares its immortality.

It took a form that time may change  
In others' eyes, but not in mine;  
For coldness—hate cannot estrange  
My still unshaken heart from thine.

I saw thee then, as I have seen  
The cherish'd one of earlier years,  
Ere pale suspicion came between  
Our hearts—and poison'd both with fears.

I heard thee speak, and felt the tone  
Of welcome o'er my spirit steal;  
As if our souls had never known  
What those who part in coldness feel.  
Thy hand to mine in fondness clung,  
And, when I met its thrilling press,  
I almost deem'd it had a tongue  
And whisper'd love and happiness.

'Tis said, that dreams may herald truth ;  
But dreams like these are worse than  
vain,

For what can bring back wither'd youth,  
Or love's unshaded hours again?

They do but mock us—giving scope  
To joys from which we wake and part,  
And then are lost the hues of Hope—  
The rainbow of the clouded heart.

They are the spirits of the past  
That haunt the chambers of the mind ;  
Recalling thoughts too sweet to last,  
And leaving blank despair behind.

They are like trees from stranger bow'rs,  
Transplanted trees that take not root—  
Young buds that never come to flow'rs,  
Frail blossoms that ne'er turn to fruit.

They are like demons who would bring  
The nectar that might tempt to sip,  
And yell in triumph as they fling  
The goblet from our fever'd lip.

They are like Ocean's faithless calm,  
That with a breath is roused to strife—  
Or hollow friendship's proffer'd balm  
That poisons all the springs of life.

I thought we met at silent night,  
And roam'd as we were wont to roam,  
And pictur'd with a fond delight  
The pleasures of our future home.  
That home our hearts may never share—  
'Tis lost to both for ever now ;  
The tree of hope lies wither'd—bare—  
Without a blossom, leaf or bough.

To words—vain words—no pow'r is giv'n,  
The torments of my soul to tell ;  
I slept—and had a dream of heav'n—  
I woke—and felt the pangs of hell.  
Yet, I would not forget thee—No!  
Tho' thou hast wither'd hope in me,  
Nor for a world of joys forego  
The one sweet joy of loving thee.

## A SHORT MYSTERY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

(The following narrative is founded on fact.)

**I**N the village of Rubeland (which is situate in the Lower Hartz, in the county of Reinstein) there are superstitions enough to satisfy a poet or a monk. There is not an old man who has not a goblin story to tell for every white hair that is left on his foolish head : and there is not a village girl who will go to sleep, on any night between Michaelmas and Easter, without mumbling a prayer for protection against the elves and dwarfs of the country.

I am ashamed to say it, (for it is my native place)—but there is not perhaps a more ignorant and idle set of people than is to be found in this same village of Rubeland. It is like a spot on which the light of Heaven has never shone ; dark, melancholy, and superstitious. The inhabitants work a little (and lazily) in the morning, in order to earn a miserable meal, and at night they bewilder their weak brains with telling and listening to stories about goblins and fairies, which would make a man of the world absolutely die with laughter to hear. The only excuse for

them is, that their fathers and grand-fathers up to the flood have been all as foolish as themselves. I never heard of a philosopher having been born in Rubeland ; no, not one. One fellow, indeed, who called himself an orator, and who had tolerable success as a travelling tinker and mountebank, claimed it as his native place ; and a poor youth, who slept all day for the purpose of writing nonsense-verses at night, was certainly born there : but no one else who can be called even remarkable.

It is a singular fact that my great uncle Wilhelm should have chosen the neighbourhood of this village to live in : but so it was. My uncle Wilhelm—(the reader doubtless has often studied his learned productions) was professor of medicine in the colleges of Gottingen. It was he who made such a noise throughout all Germany, twenty years ago, by his famous papers on the disease *hypochondriasis*, as every body knows. During the winter months, and indeed during those parts of spring and autumn which verge upon winter, he dwelt



at Gottingen in quality of professor ; but in the full summer season he shut up his laboratory, and came to enjoy quiet and breathe the fresh air of the country, in the neighbourhood of our village of Rubeland.

My uncle was a sad sceptical fellow in some things. He laughed at the great ghost of the *Hartz* mountains—the magic tower of *Scharzfeld*—the dwarf-holes of *Walkenried*—the dancing pool—the devil's wall—the copper kettles of the elves, and all the rest of the infernal machinery of the little spirits ; and positively roared himself into an asthma, and affronted three of the richest burghers of Blankenburg by the ridicule which he cast upon the idol *Pustrich* or *Spit-fire* to their faces. My uncle, moreover, cared nothing for people only two inches and a half high. He had enough to do, he protested, with the larger race of fools : the little ones he left to the pigmy doctors, of whom he had no doubt but there was a large number. It was natural, he said, that it should be so : it was as natural that there should be found doctors where there was plenty of patients, as that in places where there was a multitude of cabbages and fruit, there should be (as there always is) a plentiful stock of caterpillars and grubs.

But my purpose is not, at present, to give a detail of my uncle Wilhelm's opinions, some of which might shock the tender-minded reader ; but simply to rescue an anecdote, which I have heard him relate, from unmerited oblivion. "I was going," said he—but I believe I must still keep him as the third person singular. I can manage the matter better in that way, and the reader will excuse me.

It was on a wet evening, then, in the month of September, 17—, that an elderly man, respectably dressed, stopped at the little inn of the village of Rubeland. On dismounting he gave particular directions to the ostler to be careful of his nag (a stout little roadster) and proceeded straight to the kitchen-fire, where he disen-

cumbered himself of his outer coat and boots, and ordered the private room to be made ready for his reception. The landlady bustled about to do his bidding, while the stranger sat down quietly among the boors who crowded round the great kitchen-fire, some of whom offered him the civility of the better seats, but he rejected all with a silent shake of the head, and in fact appeared to be occupied with any thing but what was going on around him. At last, his valise having been unstrapped and brought in, some idea or other occurred to his recollection, and he opened one of the ends of the "leathern convenience," and took thereout a bulky object, containing a variety of curious instruments. These he examined, wiping some and breathing upon others, and displaying all to the wondering eyes of the peasants, who were not long in coming to the conclusions that he was a conjurer of no common acquirements.—The stranger, however, did not observe their astonishment. Indeed it is very doubtful whether he remembered that any one was near him : for he quoted once or twice a Latin sentence, pressed a concealed spring or two in some of the instruments, which shot out their steel talons at his touch, and in a word performed such other marvels, as occasioned a considerable sensation among his spectators. If the truth must be told, they all huddled together more closely than before, and avoided coming in contact even with the tail of his coat.

All this could not last long, the more especially as the little busy landlady had done her best in the mean time to get the stranger's room in order, and which she announced as being ready at the very moment that he was in the midst of a Latin soliloquy. This he cut short without ceremony on hearing the news, took up his valise, instruments, &c. and quitted the kitchen for the parlour.

And now came the time for conjecture. "What could the stranger be?—a magician? an ogre? a —"

but they waited to see whether or not he would order two or three little children to be roasted for supper before they resolved upon their conclusions. In the course of a minute or two he rang his bell, and, to their great disappointment, ordered a fowl and a bottle of wine to be got ready;—absolutely nothing more. This perplexed the Rubelanders almost as much as the curious instruments which he had exhibited. On consideration, however, they thought that the stranger's caution had probably put a rein upon his appetite, and that he had contented himself for once with vulgar fare.

But it is not my intention to speculate on all the speculations which entered into the heads of the villagers of Rubeland. It is sufficient for my present purpose to state, that by a natural turn of conversation the villagers began to consider how they might best turn the visit of the stranger to account. Some proposed that he should sow the great common with florins, another that he should disclose where the great pots of money lay that were hid by the elves, when a band of those malicious wretches was dispersed by Saint Somebody during the time of Henry the Fowler. At last old Schwartz, the only man who had a glimmering of common sense in the room, suggested that he should be requested to visit the cottage of young Rudolph, who lay tormented with visions and spirits, about a mile off the village. And the reason why Schwartz proposed this was, as he said, "because he observed the old gentleman put his hand upon the pulse of the landlady's daughter, and keep it there as though he were in count, at the time he left the kitchen." Although this was a sad descent from the florins and pots of gold, the influence of Schwartz was considerable among his fellows, and he finally prevailed. The stranger was petitioned to visit the pillow of Rudolph, and the sick man's state described to him. He immediately and almost joyfully consented. He only stipu-

lated for the two wings and breast of the chicken, and half a dozen glasses of Grafenburg, and then he said "he should be ready."

I must now transport the reader from the little inn of Rubeland to the cottage of Rudolph, the patient. He will imagine the stranger recruited by a good supper, and some excellent Grafenburg wine, and see him seated by the bedside of the young peasant, holding his wrist gently in one hand, and inquiring cheerfully into the nature of his ailment. Although he could get no definite answer on this point, Rudolph was ready enough to tell his story, and the stranger very wisely let him proceed. If the reader can summon up as much patience as the stranger did, he may listen to the present narrative. These are the very words,—(for the stranger, being a plain-spoken man, thought it well to note down the particular words of the sufferer, in order to shew the strength of the impressions which had been made upon his brain):

— — "It was a stormy night on which I married Elfrid, the widow's child. We had been made one by the priest at the neighbouring church, just before twilight; and during the ceremony my bride shivered and turned aside from the holy water, and her eyes glistened like the lights of the glow-worm, and when it was ended she laughed aloud. The priest crossed himself; and I, while my heart sank within me, took home the beauty of the village.

"No one knew how the mother of Elfrid had lived. She dwelt in a fair cottage, round which wild flowers blossomed, and the grape-vines ran curling like green serpents. She was waited on by an old Spanish woman, but never went abroad. She paid regularly for every article which she bought, and spent freely, though not prodigally. Some said that she received a pension from the Elector of ———; others that strange noises were heard on the quarter days in her house, and that her money was paid at midnight!



"She had only one child,—Elfrid; a pale and melancholy girl, whose eyes were terribly lustrous, and whose hair was dark as the plumage of the raven. She walked with a slow majestic pace: she seldom spoke; but when she spoke, it was sweetly though gravely; and she sang sometimes, when the tempest was loudest, in strange tones which seemed almost to belong to the winds. Yet she was gentle, charitable, and, had she frequented the village church, would have been universally beloved. I became the lover of the widow's child. I loved her first one stormy autumn—I forget how many moons ago—but it was soon after I received this wound in the forehead by a fall in the Hartz. I was dissuaded from marrying her; for I had deserted a tender girl for her; but my mad passion prevailed, and I took my young wife, Elfrid, home, to a cottage on the banks of the solitary Lake of Erloch.

"Come near me, my sweet bride," I said; but she sate with her hands clasped upon her knees, and looked upward, yet half aside, as though she were trying to distinguish some voice amidst the storm. "'Tis only the raging of the wind, my love," said I. "Hush!" answered she, "this is my wedding song. Why is my brother's voice not amongst them?" And she sate still, like a shape of alabaster, and the black hair streamed over her shoulders; and methought she looked like that famous Sybil who offered to the proud Tarquin her terrible books. And I began to fear lest I had married a dæmon of the air; and sometimes I expected to see her dissolve in smoke, or be borne off on the wings of the loud blast.

"And so she sate for a long time, pale and speechless; but still she seemed to listen, and sometimes turned a quick ear round, as though she recognized a human voice. At last the wind came sighing, and moaning, and whining through the door and casements, and she cried, 'Ho, ho! are you there, brother? It was well done, indeed, to leave my husband

here, without a song at his wedding.' And she smiled, and clapped her hands, and sang—oh! it was like a dirge—low, humming, indistinct noises, seemed to proceed from her closed lips; and her cheeks brightened, and her eyes dilated, and she waved her white hand up and down, and mimicked the rising and falling of the wind.

"We were alone in our lonely cottage. I know not how it was, but we were alone. My brothers had not come to me, and my sister lay at home ill. "'Tis a wild night, my lovely Elfrid," said I; and she smiled and nodded, and I ran my fingers through her dark hair; and while I held up a massy ringlet, the wind came and kissed it till it trembled. 'Oh! are you there?' said my bride; and I told her I had lifted up the black lock: but she said that it was not I, but another.

"Then we heard the sobbing and swelling of the lake, and the rushing of the great waves into the creeks, and the collecting and breaking up of the billows upon the loose pebbly shore. And sometimes they seemed to spit their scorn upon the winds, and to lash the large trunks of the forest trees. And I said, 'I almost fear for thee, my Elfrid, for the lake sounds as though it would force its banks,'—and she smiled. 'The spirits of the water are rebellious to-night,' exclaimed she: 'their mistress, the moon, is away, and they know not where to stop. Shall we blow them back to their quiet places?' I replied that it would be well, were it possible; and she lifted up her hand, and cried 'Do ye hear?'—and the wind seemed to answer submissively; and then suddenly it grew loud, and turned round and round like a hurricane, and we heard the billows go back—and back—and the lake seemed to recede—and the waters grew gentle—and then quiet; and at last there was deep and dark silence all around me and my bride.

"And then it was that I lighted a torch, and our supper was spread. The cold meats and dainties were laid upon a snow-white cloth, and the

bright wine sparkled like the eyes of Elfrid. I took her hand and kissed her, but her lips felt like the cold air. 'Herman, my fond husband,' said she, 'I am wholly thine; but thou hast not welcomed me hither with a song. It is the custom where I was born, and I must not be wholly thine without it.'—'What shall I sing?' inquired I. 'Oh!' said she, 'the matter may be what you please, but the manner must be mine. Let it be free thus—thus—' (and she sang a strange burial chaunt)—'thus, —rising and falling like the unquiet tempest.' I essayed a few words—but they were troubled and spiritless:

"My love, my love, so beautiful, so wise!  
I'll sing to thee, beneath the dawning  
moon,

And blow my pastoral reed  
In the cold twilight, till thine eyes shine  
out:

Like blue stars sparkling in thy forehead  
white.

I'll sing to thee, until thy cloudy hair  
Dissolve before my kisses pure and warm.  
Oh! as the rose-fed bee doth sing in May,  
To thee my January flower, I'll sing  
Many a winter melody,  
Such as comes sighing through the shak-  
ing pines,

Mournfully,—mournfully,  
And through the pillar'd beeches stripped  
of leaves

Makes music, till the shuddering water  
speaks

In ripples, on the forest shores—"

"Away!" said my bride, inter-  
rupting my song—"Away!

Thou hast wed the wind, thou hast wed  
the air—

Thy bride is as false as fair:—

As the dew of the dawn  
Beneath the sun,  
Is her life, which beginneth afresh  
When day is done.

I am fashion'd of water and night,  
Of the vapour that haunts the brain—  
I die at the dawn of light,  
But at eve—I revive again!

Like a spirit who comes from the rolling  
river,

Changing for ever,—for ever,—for ever!"

And she muttered again, and again—  
"for ever,"—and "for ever!" And  
even as she sang methought her long  
arms grew colder, and longer, and  
clasped me round and round, like

the twining of the snake or the liz-  
ard. I shrank from her in terror,  
when she laughed once more in her  
unearthly way, and shewed her white  
teeth in anger. "Dost thou not love  
me, Elfrid?" said I;—and she laugh-  
ed again, and a thousand voices,  
which then seemed to invest our cot-  
tage on every side, laughed fiercely  
and loudly, till our dwelling shook  
to its centre. "Ah, ha! dost thou  
hear them?" said she—"Love thee!  
—Can the wind love thee?—or the  
air?—or the water? Can fire de-  
light in thee?—But, ay: *that*, with  
its flickering voice and curling  
tongue, may embrace thee, as it  
clasps the heretic martyrs; but no  
further. The elements are above  
thee, thou youth of clay! Why  
wouldst thou tempt them, fond thing,  
by linking thy short life to their im-  
mortality?" And as she spoke, she  
kissed me for the first time with her  
chilling lips, and whispered over me,  
and I sank shivering into another life.

— "And in this state I have seen  
more than ever met the eye of man.  
I have seen the rack stoop down,  
and the whirlwind pause, and the  
stars come about me, by hundreds  
and thousands, hurrying and glanc-  
ing. Dumb nature has spoken be-  
fore me, and the strange language of  
animals has become clear. I have  
looked (as the Dervise did) into the  
hollow earth, and there beheld dull  
metals and flaming minerals, gold  
and rubies, silver, and chrysolites,  
and amethysts, all congregated in  
blazing heaps. I have seen the  
earthquake struggling in his cavern  
like a beast. I have communed with  
unknown natures, and sate by the  
dropsy and the awful plague. And  
once methought we went out—I and  
my bride—into some forest which  
had no end, and walked among mul-  
titudes—millions of trees:—The  
broad great oak was there, with his  
rugged trunk and ponderous arms,  
which he stretched out over us:—  
the witch elms waved and whispered,  
and the willow fawned upon us and  
shook its dishevelled hair:—we  
heard the snake rustling in the grass,



and saw his glittering eyes and leper's coat; and he writhed and curled before us on our path, as though some unseen dominion were upon him; and the owl laughed at us from his hole; and the nightingale sang in the pine; and some birds there were which gave us welcome, and hundreds chattered in the abundance of their joy. All this while my bride was silent, and paced slowly beside me, upon the greensward. And she never lifted her pallid face from the ground, though I asked earnestly, again and again, how it was that the brute creatures had awakened from their dumb trance, and stood up before us with the intelligence of man!

—"Sometimes I think that all this may be—a dream. I am here (*where am I?*)—wasting, like half-sunned snow. My flesh shrinks, my spirit quails, and my imagination is always restless, night and day. All my left side seems palsy-struck, and my heart is as cold as stone. My limbs are useless, and over my very brain the chilling winter seems to have blown!

—"Yet, no; it cannot be a dream: for once, in every month, when the white moon grows round, and casts down her floods of cold light upon the fields and rivers, until the waters dance, and the branches quiver with intense delight, *She* comes to my bedside, and still bends over me. Then, while I lie motionless, though awake, she kisses my lips with so cold a kiss, that methinks I am frozen inwards to the heart. And my head—my head is a burning ball—ha, ha!—you should come to me when the moon is ripe. *Then* you shall see the gambols of the water-elves—and the spirits who ride upon the storm-winds—and the mermen—and the unnatural sights of the deep black ocean—and the HELL that is always about me! Will you come—and look at the wonders which I will show you?—Will you come?"

\* \* \* \* \*

—"Let me look upon your forehead," said the stranger, when the

faintness which here seized Rudolph had put an end to his tale. "Methinks the error is *here*, rather than in the moon."

"Is there any hope that I shall be disenchanted?" inquired the youth, faintly.

"We will see," replied the stranger: "You must have patience and water-diet. You must be obedient, too, to those whom I shall bid attend you; and—but at present we will tie a string round your arm and see of what colour is the blood of an elf."

"Shall I be free?" reiterated the youth; "I have cursed——"

"Have you prayed?" asked my uncle Wilhelm; (for *he* was, as will be remembered, the stranger of the inn)—"have you prayed?"

"That never occurred to me," said the young peasant, as his blood ran freely upon the puncture of my uncle's lancet—"That certainly never occurred to me;—but I will try."

"In the mean time," observed my uncle, "I will do my best; and it shall go hard but we will conquer the elves."—

—And, in fact, my uncle Wilhelm *did* finally prevail. The peasant Rudolph recovered, and wedded the girl whose society he had once forsaken. What became of Elfrid, or whether she existed at Rubeland, or elsewhere, I never was able to learn. Perhaps, after all, she was but a fiction—a distinct one, undoubtedly—but, probably, like many other of the spirits of the Hartz: nay, it is not impossible, even, but that she may have arisen from that very tumble which our friend Rudolph had amongst those celebrated mountains.

—"A lancet, a blister, and a gallon or two of barley-water," my uncle Wilhelm used to assert, would put to flight the most formidable band of elves or spirits that ever infested a German district; and, to say truth, I begin almost to renounce my old faith in those matters, and to come round to my uncle's opinion.

## THE SONG OF HARVEST.

SPRING and summer both are fair,  
Both may boast their floweret's' dye,  
Both may boast their balmy air,  
And their cloudless azure sky ;

Spring may boast her blossom'd boughs  
Waving in the vernal gale ;  
And her songsters' warbled vows,  
Echoing down each peaceful vale ;

Summer may her rose expand,  
And her early fruit display,  
And call forth the jocund band,  
To spread around the fragrant hay.

But, though fair the blossoms blow,  
The brow of blooming May to deck,  
And the moisten'd fruit may grow,  
Summer's fervid thirst to check ;

Vie they with the bounteous store  
That my teeming fields supply,

When—the golden harvest o'er—  
Rises the shout of grateful joy ?

Mine's the treasure of the bee,  
For me the luscious dew she blends :  
Mine the produce of each tree  
That 'neath its weight o'erloaded bends.

Mine's the calm, still, tranquil day,  
Suited to the poet's dream,  
Whilst the fading woods display  
A deep, rich, mellow, changing gleam.

Mine's that bright majestic moon,  
That spreads around her lengthen'd  
light,  
As though she fear'd to close too soon  
The pleasures of the harvest night.

Then come, ye sportive elves! who love  
Beneath her silver beams to glide ;  
Come, come, ripe Autumn's bounty prove,  
The treasures of her festive tide !

## FARTHER PORTIONS OF THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MANSIE WAUCH.

A Tailor is a man, a man, a man,  
And a Tailor is a man.

OLD SONG.

## PORTION FIFTH.

**T**HE sough of war and invasion  
gaed o'er the face of the land,  
at this time, like a great whirlwind ;  
and the hearts of men died within  
their persons with fear and trem-  
bling. The accounts that came from  
abroad were just dreadful beyond all  
power of description : Death stalked  
about from place to place, like a  
lawless tyrant, and the blood of men  
was spilt like water. The heads of  
crowned kings were cut off ; great  
dukes and lords thrown into dark  
dungeons, or obligated to flee for  
their lives into foreign lands, and to  
seek out hiding-places of safety be-  
yond the waves of the sea. What  
was warst of all, our trouble seemed  
a smittal one ; the infection spread  
around ; and even our ain land,  
which all thought hale and healthy,  
began to show symptoms of the  
plague-spot. Losh me ! that men, in  
their seven senses, could have ever  
shown themselves so infatuated.

Johnny Wilkes and liberty was but  
a joke to what was hanging over our  
heads, brewing like a dark tempest,  
which was to swallow us up. Bills  
were paisted up through night, by  
hands that durstna' have been seen  
at the wark through day ; and the  
augents of the Spirit of Darkness,  
calling themselves the friends of the  
people, held secret meetings, and  
hatched plots to blaw up our blessed  
King and Constitution. Oh ! the  
stupid neerdoweels—but what can  
ye get out of fules but foolishness ?  
as King Solomon wisely observes,  
Proverbs, chap. vii. ver. 10. Yet  
the business, though fearsome in the  
main, was in some parts amaist laugh-  
able. Every thing was to be divid-  
ed, and ilka ane made alike : houses  
and lands were to be distributed by  
lot ; and the mighty man and the  
beggar—the auld man and the hob-  
ble-de-boy—the industrious man and  
the spendthrift—the maimed, the



cripple, and the blind, made a' just breethren, and alike. Save us! but to think of such havers!!—At ane of their meetings, hadden out at the sign of the Tappet Hen and the Tankard, there was a prime fight between Tammy Bowsie the snab, and auld Thrashim the dominie with the booly back, about their drawing cuts, whilk was to get Dalkeith Palace, and whilk Newbattle Abbey.—Oh, sic rif-raff!!!

What was warst of all, it was an agreed and determined-on thing amang them, these wise men of the North, to abolish all kings, clergy, and religion, as havers. Na, na—what need had such wise pows as theirs, of being taught or lectured to? What need had sic feelosophers of having a King to rule ower them, or a Parliament to direct them? There was nae a single ane amang their number, that did not think himself, in his own conceit, as wise as Solomon, or William Pitt, and as mighty as King Nebuchadnezzar.

It was full time to put a stop to all such nonsense. The newspapers telled us what it had done abroad, and what better could we expect from it at hame? Weeds 'ill no grow into flowers onywhere, and nae man can handle tar without being defiled; the first of whilk comparisons is I daur say true, and the latter maun be—for we read of it in Scripture. Weel, as I was saying, it was a braw notion of the King to put the loyalty of his land to the test, that the daft folk might be dismayed, and that the clanjamphrey might tumble down before their betters, like windle-straes in a hurricane:—and so they did.

Siccan a crowd that day, when the names of the volunteers cam to be taen down! Nae house could have hadden them, even though mony hadna come wha thought to have got their names enrolled. Losh me! did they think the government was sae far gone, as to tak creatures with deformed legs, and thrawn necks, and blind een, and hashie lips, and grey hairs on their pows? Na, na,

they were na putten to sic straits; though it showed that the right speerit was in them, and that, though their bodies might be deformed, they had consciences to direct them, and souls to be saved like their neighbors.

I'll never forget the first day that I got my regimentals on; and when I looked mysell in the bit glass, just to think I was a sodger, wha never in my my life could thole the smell of powder, and hadna fired onything but a penny cannon on a Fourth of June, when I was a hassins callant. I thocht my throat wad have been cuttit in the black corded stock; for, whenever I lookit down, without thinking like, my chaft blade played clank against it with sic a dunt, that I mostly chackit my tongue aff. And, as to the soaping of the hair, that beat cockfighting. It was really fearsome, but I could scarcely keep from laughing when I glee'd round ower my shouter, and saw a lang glazed leather queue hinging for half an ell down the braid of my back, and a pickle horse hair curling out like a rotten's tail at the far end o't. And then the worsted taissels on the shouters—and the lead buttons—and the yellow facings,—oh but it was grand! I sometimes fancied mysell a general, and gieing the word of command. Then the pipe-clayed breeks—but that was a sair job; mony a weary arm did they gie me—bait, baiting campstane into them.

The pipe-claying of the breeks, I was saying, was the most fashious job, let alane courtship, that ever mortal man put his hand to. Indeed, there was no end to the rubbing, and scrubbing, and brushing, and foiling, and cleaning; for, to the like of me, wha was nae weel accustomed to the thing, the whitening was continually coming aff, and destroying my red coat, or my black leggins. I had amaist forgot to speak of the birse for cleaning out the pan, and the piker for clearing the motion-hole. But time aneugh till we come to firing.

Big Sam, wha was a sergeant of the Fencibles, and aneugh to have

putten five Frenchmen to flight ony day of the year, whiles cam to train us—and a hard battle he had with mair than me. I have already said that nature never intended me for the soldiering trade; and why should I hesitate about confessing, that Sam never got me out of the awkward squad? but I had twa three neibours to keep me in countenance. A weary wark we made with the right, left,—left, right,—right-wheel, left-wheel,—to the right about,—at ease,—attention,—by sections,—and all the rest o't. But then there is nothing in the course of nature that is useless; and what was to hinder me from acting as orderly, or being ane of the camp-colour-men, on head days?

We all cracked very crouse about fighting, when we heard of garments rolled in blood, only from abroad; but, ae dark night, we got a fleg in sober earnest.

There were signal-posts on the hills, up and down all the country, to make alarms, in case of needcessity; and I never gaed to my bed, without giving first a glee eastward to Falside-brae, and then anither westward to the Calton-hill, to see that all the country was quiet. I had just pappit in—it might be about nine o'clock,—after being gay hard drilled, and sair atween the shouthers, wi' keeping my head back, and playing the dumb bells; when lo! and behold, instead of getting my needful rest, in my ain bed, with my wife and weans, jow gaed the bell, and row-de-dow gaed the drums, and all, in a minute, was confusion and uproar. I was seized with a severe shaking of the knees, and a flaffing at the heart; but I hurried, with my night-cap on, up to the garret-window, and there I too plainly saw that the French had landed—for all the signal posts were in a bleeze. This was in reality to be a soldier! I never got sic a fright since the day I was cleckit. Then sic a noise and hullabaloo, in the streets—men, women, and weans, all hurrying through ither, and crying with loud voices,

amid the dark, as if the day of judgment had come, to find us all unprepared; and still the bells ringing, and the drums beating to arms. Poor Nanse was in a bad condition, and I was weil waur; she, at the fears of losing me, their bread-winner; and I, wi' the grief of parting frae her, the wife of my bosom, and going out to scenes of blood, bagonets, and gunpowder, nane of which I had the least stamach for. Our little son, Bengie, mostly grat himsell blind, pulling me back by the cartridge-box; but there was nae contending with fate, so he was obliged at last to let go.

Notwithstanding all that, we behaved oursells like true-blue Scotsmen, called forth to feight the battles of our country; and, if the French had come, as they didna come, they would have found that to their cost, as sure as my name is Mansie. However, it turned out as weil, in the meantime, that it was a false alarm; and that the thief Buonaparte had not landed at Dumbar, as it was jaloused; so, after standing under arms for half the night, with nineteen rounds of ball-cartridge in our boxes, and the baggage-carts all loaden, and ready to follow us to the field of battle; we were sent hame to our beds, and notwithstanding the awful state of alarm to which I had been putten, never in the course of my life did I enjoy six hours sounder sleep: for we were hippet the morning parade, on account of our being keepit sae lang without natural rest. It is wise to pick a lesson even out of our adversities; and, at all events, it was at this time fully shown to us the needcessity of our regiment being taught the art of firing—a tactic to the length of which they had never yet come.

Next day, out we were taen for the whilk purpose, and we gaed through our motions bravely. Prime—load—handle cartridge—ram down cartridge—return bayonets—and shoulder hoop—make ready—present—fire. Such was the confusion, and the flurry, and the din of the report,



that I was so flustered and confused, that, will ye believe it? I never yet had mind to pull the tricker. However, I minded aye wi' the rest to ram down a fresh cartridge, at the word of command; and something told me I wad repent no doing like the lave, (for I had half a kind of notion that my piece never went off;) so, when the firing was over, the sergeant of the company ordered all that had loaded pieces to come to the front. I swithered a little, no being very sure like what to do; but some five or six stappit out; and our corporal, on looking at my piece, ordered me with the rest to the front. It was just for all the world like an execution; us six, in the face of the regiment, in a little line, going through our manœuvres at the word of command; and I could hardly stand upon my feet, with a queer feeling of fear and trembling, till, at length, the terrible moment came. I looked straight forrit—for I durstna jee my head about, and turned to the hills and green trees, as if I was never to see nature more.

Our pieces were cocked; and, at the word, off they went. It was an act of desperation to draw the tricker, and I had hardly weel shut my

een, when I got such a thump in the shoulder, as knocked me backwards head-over-heels on the grass. Before I came to my senses, I could have sworn I was in another world; but, when I opened my een, there were the men, at ease, hadding their sides, laughing like to spleet them; and my gun lying on the ground, twa three ell before me.

When I found mysell no killed outright, I began to rise up. As I was rubbing my breek-knees, I saw ane of the men gaen forward to lift up the fatal piece; and my care for the safety of ithers o'ercame the sense of my own peril. "Let alane—let alane!" cried I to him, "and take care of yoursell, for it has to gang aff five times yet."

The laughing was now terrible; but being little of a soldier, I thocht in my innocence, that we should hear as mony reports, as I had crammed cartridges down her muzzle. This was a sair joke against me for a length of time; but I tholed it patiently, considering cannily within mysell, that knowledge is only to be bought by experience. A fule ance showed me the story afterwards in a jeest book, as if it wasna true!!!

---

#### RACING IN RUSSIA.

**T**HE long-talked-of match between two English and two Cossack horses, distance 71 versts, or 47 1-3 English miles, took place on the 4th August, and was won by one of the English horses. The match was originally proposed by the Cossack General, Count Orloff Deneessoff, Generals Alexey, Orloff, Vassiltsheff, Levascheff, and Prince Dolgozouki, the master of the horse, and was accepted by Count Matuszewic. The stakes were 50,000 roubles (about 2000*l.*), and the road fixed upon was from the Ligova Canal, through Zarskojeselo, to Gatchina, a distance of 35½ versts, and back to the starting post. The road is

paved at the bottom, and the surface dreadfully hard and stony. The Cossack party had taken every precaution to procure the best horses of the breed. Count Orloff Deneessoff went himself to the Don, to pick them out, and there was not a tribe of the Cossacks but what furnished their quota. Cossacks of the Don, the Black Sea, and the Ural, Calmucks, Bashkers, and Kirguses, all sent their most celebrated races; and in this way above twenty horses arrived at St. Petersburg, from which the two best were selected, after a variety of trials, which rendered their party quite confident of success. In the meantime the English horses

were neither seen nor heard of. It was only known that Count Matuszewic had imported some for the purpose, with grooms to train and ride them; and the English party went on steadily, backing their horses at 4 to 3, and 5 to 4, without being alarmed at the whispered miraculous trials of the Cossacks. The horses fixed upon were, a bay Cossack, of the stud of the well-known late Hetman, Count Platoff, and a chesnut Leonide, of the stud of Count Kuteinikoff. The former was rather a coarse, vulgar animal, high in the hips, but showing considerable powers. The latter though bred on the Don, was a very neat horse, betraying clearly its Arabian descent. The English horses brought to the post by Count Matuszewic were, Sharper, by Octavius, Dam, by Gohanna, bred by the Earl of Egremont; and Mina, by Orville, out of Barossa, by Vermin, bred by Lord George Cavendish. The horses started at five minutes past five in the morning, the Cossacks leading on one side of the road, at a moderate pace, and the English following on the other side, about three or four lengths. Before they had gone half a verst, the stirrup-iron of Thos. Arthur, who rode Sharper, broke in the eye, and the horse ran away with him, passing Mina, who would not stop behind. Owing to this unfortunate accident, the two English horses ran at a tremendous pace up Pulkova-hill, and through Zarskojeselo, bidding defiance to the utmost exertions of their riders; the Cossacks following about two hundred yards behind. The English horses arrived at Gatchina in one hour and four minutes, the Cossacks coming in two minutes after them. Here the two English horses were quite fresh and full of running as was the chesnut Cossack also; but the bay was already very much distressed, and fell about three versts after turning, never appearing again in the race. Before reaching Zarskojeselo, on their return, Mina burst his coro-

net, from the hardness of the road, and was immediately pulled up and taken away. Soon after this the remaining Cossack began to flag, and the accompanying Cossacks, contrary to all rule and agreement, began to drag him on by the bridle, throwing away the saddle, and putting a mere child on his back. Before reaching Pulkova-hill, Sharper began to show the effects of the pace he had gone when running away at the early part of the race, and on descending the hill was much distressed; but it was evident he must win, in spite of the extraordinary foul play of the Cossacks, who now fairly carried on their horse, some dragging him on by a rope and the bridle at his head, others actually pulling him on by the tail, and riding alongside of his quarters to support him and push him along, relieving each other repeatedly in this fatiguing employment. Sharper cantered in much distress, but game enough to have gone considerably farther. He did the whole distance in two hours and forty-eight minutes and forty seconds, and had it not been for his running away, might have done it in less time without being so much distressed. The Cossack was warped and carried in eight minutes after him, and had he been left to himself and his rider, would undoubtedly have remained at Pulkova-hill. The English horses at starting, carried full three stone more than the Cossacks; and during the latter half of the race the difference was still greater, the Cossack being rode by a mere child, for form's sake.—The concourse of spectators was immense, and amongst others the Grand Dukes Nicholas and Michael were present. The road for the whole distance was lined by Cossacks of the Guards, at regular intervals, and some telegraphic movements of their pikes, intelligible only to those initiated, occasioned some brisk betting at one moment during the race, for which they smarted at the end.



## LATE AMERICAN BOOKS:

LIONEL LINCOLN.

(Continued from page 151.)

**MR COOPER** has wronged his early reputation by this unhappy affair. As a whole, though parts of it are fine, it is a poor book; a very poor book. He has run the whole course, now, carrying weight enough all the way, for a stouter back than his, and has come out, after all, very near the spot, from which he set off, years ago, with "PRECAUTION;" a starting-post, in truth, for him; a very wooden article. Our "Leaguer of Boston;" this late book—the child of his maturity, is quite of a piece, with his very first endeavour. It is a bachelor's babe—nothing more;—one of those dwarfish, drowsy portraits, half made up, of lazy men, who never marry till they are too fat, or too rich, leave behind them, as a substitute for living creatures.

The Spy was worth a dozen of it. We never thought very highly of Mr Cooper; he has been greatly over-rated by his countrymen; he is too amiable; too good a man—too popular, by half; we never thought much of him; yet are we disappointed, bitterly disappointed in this book. Still; though it is not the very thing that we require, it is a type, a shadow, a somewhat, in the shape thereof; the "shadow," perhaps, "of a coming event"—Who knows? It is not a real North American story, to be sure; but where shall we go for a real North American story: is there such a thing on earth?\*. It is not such a book, as we might have, and shall have, we do hope yet; a brave, hearty, original book, brimful of descriptive truth—of historical and familiar truth; crowded with real American character; alive with American peculiarities; got up after no model, however excellent; wove to

no pattern, however beautiful; in imitation of nobody, however great:—nay, it is not even so good a thing, as we might have looked for, from Cooper—"the Sir Walter Scott of America!"—for he was never the man to set rivers on fire; but, still—and we are glad of an opportunity so to speak—still, it is a thing of the right school. If not altogether American, it is not altogether English; wherefore, let us be very thankful. It is not, as ninety nine out of a hundred, of all the American stories are, a thing of this country—a British book tossed up, anew; worked over, afresh; and sent back, with a new title-page. Hitherto, if we took up here, a novel, or a poem, or a play, from the United States of North America, it has been with a sinking of the heart; for we knew that we should find it, *altogether* English—in purpose, though not in language, perhaps; English, in the character; English, in the plot and scope; English all over—bastard English, we might say—as if they, on t'other side of the great waters, were going to drive the British out of their own market, by counterfeiting their capital wares; crowded with wornout Scotch characters; with cast-off Irish, and superannuated Welsh "ditto," with lords and ladies, butlers and footmen, to help off the story; crowded, in fact with whatever was *not* American. The very pictures would be English; the whole scenery. At every page of the American tale, you would meet with something or other, which had never been met with, any, where else, in America; a yew tree, perhaps; a fish pond, with a live hedge to it; a lawn; a blue lake, with a green turf border, rolled smooth; a pheasant, or a cottage, perhaps. The

\* Yes. **BROTHER JONATHAN** is a real North American story; and **REDWOOD**, we have reason to believe, is another, and a very good one.

very dialect, in every case, though put into the mouth of a Yankee, or a Virginian, would be a wretched compound of Yorkshire, broad Scotch, Cockney, or bad Irish—and why? Because the writers of America will persist in writing after British models; because, they will make use of British literature, as they should not—prose and poetry—novels and plays;—grinding them over, all in a heap, every part and parcel thereof; incident, character, thought, phrase beauty—rubbish and all; working up the British material, over and over again, after the British have worn it entirely out, or thrown it by, for ever; and slighting their own, very much as the British under the house of Radcliffe and Co., kept working up the showy earth of Spain or Italy, year after year, to the neglect of that, a better and a richer soil, by far, which lay under their very feet. The writers of England were quite as much infatuated, for a while, with banditti, monks, friars, blue skies, ruins, guitars, inquisitions, daggers, and all that, as the Americans are, now, with every sort of English novel-machinery. But, while we are letting these people have it as they deserve—the blockheads—for not having produced a true American story, or a novel, worthy of being called American, what if they should call out, in reply, somewhat after this fashion.—“Where is the downright English novel, of this age? Where is the novel, worthy of being called English? Where shall we go for a stout, strong, hearty novel, portraying, with force and courage, the true English character?”

Though Mr Cooper's book is unworthy of him, still we cannot be very severe with it; because, after all, if it be not a real North American story, as we have said before, it is very like one; if not exactly that for which we have been longing, it is the shadow, and perhaps the fore-runner of it. And, although Mr Cooper has not given us a single page of what is purely and absolutely American—a single phrase,

we might say, in all that he has ever written; or a single touch, either of language or thought, or character, which is absolutely true, yet has he done that now, for which we would give him great praise, very great. He has undertaken to write a story, altogether at *home*. He has made a picture, the plan, the drawing, the rough outline of which is American, though the characters, their costume, their look and attitude are not. He has thrown up, after a poor fashion, a poor structure; but his materials are American; the ground-work, at least; and a part of the outside is truth, great historical truth. For that, he shall have praise, though the workmanship is bad, and a part of the stuff spoilt for ever; because they who come after him, will profit by his failure; and he, himself, after a time, perhaps, may do that well, in rock or marble, which he has now done badly in clay.

Mr Cooper is a dwarf, to be sure; a dwarf, when he goes playing about, on all fours, in the shadow of pyramids; or a-tiptoe, among the overthrown pillars of another age; “bobbing for whales,” on the lee-side of a bridge—a giant's causeway, in truth, over which the men of that revolution, (whereof he is now prattling, as if it were the work of a day; the stuff that novels are made of—a pretty incident—a scuffle—a row, worth taking up, in a popular story; worth alluding to;)—over which they travelled, year after year, *like* giants, to the noise of earthquake and battle—year after year—till they came to a place where the foundations of a great empire were laid, (an empire spreading from shore to shore,) not, as he may suppose, by the light of squibs and crackers, to the sound of threepenny whistles, pewter trumpets, or ivory castanets; but with prayer and worship; here by the light of a rejoicing sky, crowded with stars, or blazing with broad clear sunshine; there, to the noise of great bells in the earth, or cannon or heavy thunder, perhaps in the dead of night—or the loud roaring of the sea.



Cooper has done much, although he has done it, like a boy, without well knowing what he was about. He has broken up a new quarry; or broken his way *to* it rather—a quarry which will never be exhausted; a quarry, which, till the “*SPY*” appeared in his country, had never been approached, or disturbed—He touched a spring, while he was half asleep, one day, rolling about, in the great unvisited store-house of North-American riches; overwheeled with playing marbles there, in the hot sunshine of public favour, with a people gazing at him, a whole nation, for spectators. The touch electrified him—he was unprepared for it. He started up, “thrilling to the bone”—half crazy with astonishment, while the rocky doors flew open, with a great noise. He could not endure the sound, or the sight; so, he ran off—scampered away—cleared out, like Aladdin; freighted with treasure, accidentally gathered in a fit of childish curiosity—wealth plucked, by handfuls—huge, overgrown jewelry, which he mistook, one day, for a strange fruit, another for stained glass. But although Mr Cooper was not aware of the value of that which he carried away, for a while, nor of that which he left behind, others were; others, who caught a glimpse of the brief, bright, momentary, hap-hazard revelation; others, who are at work now; others, who will not be interfered with.

Mr Cooper himself has gone back, after a long interval, for another peep. It is too late for him though; he is the day after the fair. He has taken too much breath; lost a great deal too much time. Those who are now at work, will not be frightened away by noise, or flurried by anything. They will go deep—very deep—into the very foundations of that, which they have begun to explore.

Let him have praise for the “*SPY*”; because a part of the story was American, though most of the characters were not; being either Irish, or English, or nothing; yea,—though he did venture to make George Washington play bo-peep with a pretty

girl, between two great armies, both of which were sadly in want of him; after night-fall, too, on the “neutral ground,” which was eternally overrun by the British; yea,—though Mr Cooper did set the mighty rebel down, like a good boy, to study geography, with a map of the world before him, on the top of a huge mountain—altogether alone—at night—with about fifteen or twenty thousand people, on the look out for him if he stirred or winked; yea—yea—though Mr Cooper did leave him, for a great while, gossiping with a tory—under a fictitious name, too—in disguise—alone—away and afar from all hope, or chance of relief or escape. Think of that! George Washington; the rebel commander-in-chief—playing a part, and such a part—in such a place, at such a time.

So; let him have all praise for the “*SPY*,” in spite of this, and a heap more of like absurdity, which we might gather from it, and fill up to overshadow him—if such employment were worthy of us; or if he were not a favourite with all, who candidly appreciate his power; and of course, therefore, with ourself. The book was, at least, an approach to what we desire—a plain, hearty, North American story; a story, which, if we could have our way, should be altogether American—peculiarly and exclusively so, throughout; as much American, to say all, in a word, as the Scotch novels are Scotch: Let him have great praise; for, to give him his due, the “*SPY*” did, in truth, spy out a new empire for his countrymen; riches and power, in a new shape; a world of generous ore, which only requires to be wrought—having been smelted, with subterranean fires, half a century ago, while the nations above were asleep.

He did much, though it was by accident; as we have said before, and will continue to say; for, if he had known the value of that mine, which he blundered upon, while searching for base plebeian earth, (a little cash) would he have gone away, and left others to work it? or would he have

staid away so long? or would he have gone back to it now, with such a doubtful air, and such a sad misgiving of the heart?

The example of Mr Cooper—or the discoveries rather, which were made by the “Spy,” in that unvisited region of story, in the new world—its warlike history—were not lost upon others. Many have grown wiser by reason thereof; some with, and a multitude without, courage, nerve, and vigour. Several are at work now; and, we are told of one, the very latchet of whose shoe, when he treads the soil of North America, over the great pathway of rebellion, Cooper were not worthy to loose. In truth, it were downright sacrilege for Mr Cooper to meddle with such unwieldy, prodigious machinery. He cannot move it; or, if he should—if he were to succeed—if he were to put a portion of it in play, by some lucky touch, while he was patiently feeling about among the foundations of a world, (as if he had found his way into a toy-shop, at blind man’s buff, while the owner was asleep,) the noise would frighten him out of his wits, we do believe.

Yet Mr. Cooper is now there. He has “rushed in, where angels fear to tread;” gone barefooted, perhaps; or slip-shod; set off, without preparation, to visit a place where the Spirit of revolution broke loose, fifty years ago, tearing his way, from shore to shore, and from sea to sea, like an earthquake; a place, to which Goliath himself could not go, without wading up to his middle in hot ashes, and lifting a passage for himself, through a world of rubbish—overthrown pillars, and imperial wreck; a place to which no dwarf will ever penetrate—ever—ever—though he wear sandals of brass, or go, with brazen canopy complete; or seek for immortality, after the fashion of those, who leap into the fire, when there is no other way to obtain it.

Of the characters which are brought forth in this “Legend of thirteen provinces,” a word or two; and but a word or two. The chief, Job Pray,

is a changeling, a sort of idiot, (a very bad copy, too,) a fool, who talks better by half, than the people of sense about him; and is always applied to, by the hero, whenever he lacks either advice or information, political or religious. “Old Nab” is pretty well. The story has no sort of interest, although it concerns a period which has no parallel in history; the breaking out of the revolutionary war at Boston, Massachusetts Bay, where a few grave men got up a rebellion, very much as if it were a matter of serious duty; a period of terrible interest, if it were talked about in a worthy fashion.

The females are, as heretofore, with Mr Cooper, nice, tidy, pretty-behaved women, who hold up their heads, keep their elbows back—run about in a stately way, and talk very much like a book; never *going out*, or *coming in*, but “flying,” or “gliding,” or disappearing, or vanishing—“furtively.”

The Battle of Lexington, though, is well done. So is that of Bunker Hill—properly Breed’s Hill. Parts of two or three scenes, which have little or no business where they are; with five or six incidents rather out of keeping (like that of the shadowy arms, overspreading the church roof,) are very good—even capital. Three or four of the revolutionary characters are touched off pretty well—not very sharply, to be sure, but so as to be known.—The tavern-keeper at Boston, while he is taking security for his furniture—is very good, very. Washington (who is come to be the butt of almost every whippersnapper now), luckily for Mr Cooper, does not appear at all in this book, though a trumpet is blown several times to put us on our good behaviour. But why the mischief are we so repeatedly warned of his approach, and prepared for it, as in that passage, where the hero is on his way to Cambridge—leaving his bride on her wedding night—who, on earth, can tell us wherefore?

Sir William Howe, Sir Henry Clinton, Burgoyne, Earl Percy, and a



few others on the royal side, are sketched—awkwardly enough; but we value the sketches, bad as they are, because we know that Mr Cooper is indebted for them, to the good people of Massachusetts, where the war broke out; and Charles Lee, though out of place, and rather out of drawing, is well done—pretty well done, we should say.

“Polworth” is a character made as nine characters out of ten are lately made. He says the same thing, over and over again. Why not paste a label on his forehead, or write a phrase on his back—that were about as well; if, to do a foolish thing fifty times over, be enough to constitute a *character*.

“Ralph” is nobody. He is an after-thought, we guess; a sort of interlineation; a bit of running accompaniment of mystery and surprise—like the “Spy” himself, without meaning or probability.—What business had Ralph with a map, at night, in a deserted house? Answer: because George Washington, the only hero that Mr Cooper ever undertook before, had a map in his part (which map was very well received) in a similar situation—at night—on the top of a mountain. But why had George Washington a *map* there? Answer: because Mr Cooper was a midshipman of the United States navy; and because all the great men that he had ever seen—suitably occupied in a time of great peril, had always a *chart* before them. Ralph, therefore, in the deserted house—at night; and George Washington, therefore, at night, on the top of a high mountain, are—bless your heart—only two captains of the United States navy, on a lee shore.

The great fault of Mr Cooper; or a great fault with him, is this. He

wants courage to describe that which he sees; to record that, as it is—that, which he has power enough to see, as it is. The people of his book, with two or three exceptions, talk too well; too much alike, wherever he wishes to make them appear well bred. He is afraid of his dignity, perhaps; afraid if he make an idiot behave like an idiot, or talk like one, that he himself,—he, Mr. Cooper, may be thought one; afraid, if he put bad grammar into the mouths of people, who, as every body knows, talk nothing else, in real life, that he himself may be charged with bad grammar. We are sorry for this. It is a great error; but one which we hope to see done away with on every side, before long—everywhere—by every body. Truth, whatever people may say, truth is not vulgarity; nor is untruth refinement. A few years ago, it was the fashion for Greeks to show off on the boards of our theatre, in the garb of Englishmen; or, at any rate, in the common tragedy garb of the house; Kemble appeared, and we have now remarkable truth, in dress. A few years ago, it was the fashion for heroes to spout, or declaim; it is now the fashion to talk there. A few years ago, it was the fashion to dress the great men of this empire, whenever they were painted, or sculptured, in the absurd habiliments of a Roman—absurd, we say, when adopted for such a purpose by such a people as the British. West appeared—Benjamin West; and you meet with historical paintings at every step now; noble pictures, and superb statuary, in the garb of truth. Let a Kemble, or a Kean, or a West appear in the world of literature, and we shall see men talk on paper as they talk everywhere else.

## MY GRANDFATHER'S LEGACY.—NO. III.

"I preferred the 'Soldier's Faith,'" said Matilda, when my aunt Winifred's silence proclaimed the termination of the tale: "there was more sentiment in it." "So true it is, my love," said my mother, as she looked smilingly up from her work to her young niece, "that sentiment often pleases more than sense." My aunt Winifred had not yet quite forgotten the telegraphic smile which flew from my lip to Matilda's, at her antique pronunciation of the valet's French; and she founded her own preference of the first tale, not on its sentiment, but its plain English. I declared in favour of a little Continental phraseology; and to prevent an argument, for which my mother saw I was eager, and which might have chanced to ruffle the decorum of my good aunt's temper, she suggested that the reading should be resumed; and accordingly Miss Winifred, overlooking her own rising displeasure, delivered, "with good emphasis and discretion,"—

## ENTERING THE ARMY.

"MR CLODSLEY, our new ensign, has just arrived, Sir," said Lieutenant Charlton of the — regiment, "and will wait on you in half an hour." Colonel Mountmorris signified his satisfaction at the intelligence, and made sundry inquiries relative to the *personelle* of the stranger, after which Mr Charlton hastened to the inn to escort the young aspirant for military honour to the Colonel's quarter: He was a tall, unformed stripling, of eighteen, in all the awkwardness of first "going alone;" he possessed the education of a gentleman, but not the ease of one—the diamond had been given to him, but he had never had it polished. The good-natured Lieutenant extended his arm as they reached the street, and he felt the hand tremble which was passed through it.

"You will find Colonel Mountmorris a perfect gentleman, Mr Clodsley," said his companion, as they proceeded; "and I am convinced that your entry into your profession will be rendered as little irksome as possible by his consideration and mildness—he is a widower—has experienced many misfortunes in his passage through life, and they have chastened, not subdued his spirit." As he spoke they reached the lodgings of Colonel Mountmorris, and in the next instant, Augustus Clodsley was in his presence. He was a fine, well-knit man, of apparently five and forty years of age—climate-tinged and sallow, with deep but mild black

eyes, and an ease of manner which almost inspired the confidence it bespoke. Colonel Mountmorris had considerably assembled some of the officers of his corps, in order that he might himself introduce the new comer; and accordingly a number of names were mentioned, and bows made, so rapidly, that the head of the stripling was in a whirl, and he was more incapable than before of entering into conversation with any degree of self-possession.

The questions of Colonel Mountmorris were simple and obvious; and a feeling of comparative confidence was stealing over the young Ensign, when he was asked if he had ever been at College? He replied in the negative.

"But are you entirely unacquainted with military matters?" asked his commanding officer: "do you not even know your facings?" "Yes, Sir," replied Mr Clodsley readily, "I procured my regimentals as I passed through town, they are green."

"Green-horn, I should apprehend!" said the Hon. Frederick Dashaby, who had just purchased his company, and was seated at a table, with the Gazette in one hand and an Army List in the other. The Colonel bit his lip, and the juniors struggled to suppress a smile—a deep crimson suffused the countenance of the youth: he felt all the misery of having committed a *faux pas*, although still ignorant of its nature or extent.



"You will, I suppose, join our mess to-day, Sir," said a young man near him, good-naturedly, anxious to dispel the confusion which Captain Dashaby had created.

"If I *might* be excused," stammered out the disconcerted Augustus, "I should wish to commence my career in a manner which will please my father, and he desired me not to get into any mess, if there was a possibility of avoiding it. This was too much, even Colonel Mountmorris smiled, and Captain Dashaby sprang out of the room.

The interview speedily terminated, for the giddiest felt for the confusion their smiles excited; and Lieutenant Charlton returned to the inn, with his new brother-officer, to equip him for the mess-table. The conviviality of the joyous party soon banished the unpleasant sensations of the morning, and Augustus approved himself as great a proficient in the necessary qualifications of a gentleman, as he was deficient in those of his profession: even Captain Dashaby looked on him more complacently, and when they separated for the night, promised him on the morrow a seat in his curricule to ———. Mr Charlton kindly escorted him to the door of the barrack-room which was appropriated to his use, and then left him to his repose.

When the morning parade, at which Augustus was necessarily only a spectator, terminated, Colonel Mountmorris approached, and offered him the salutation of the morning, with all the urbanity of an equal. "You are doubtless, Mr Clodsley," he said, with a smile, "anxious to become, as speedily as possible, acquainted with your new duties. Mr Charlton has kindly undertaken to be of every assistance to you in his power, and I shall hope next week to see you orderly."

"I trust, Sir, that you will never find me otherwise," said Augustus, gravely.

Such was the entrance of Augustus Clodsley into life; but he did not the less make a brave officer and a

worthy man; twice he captured the colours of an enemy's regiment; once he was sorely wounded in defending those of his own. His profession was the loadstone of his existence: he clung to it with tenacity, and he approved himself capable of bold deeds and generous actions. To Augustus Clodsley was Colonel Mountmorris indebted for his life; and it cost the noble youth an arm;—what marvel, then, that sire and son were never more united? Augustus returned to the home of his infancy far otherwise than he had left it—the tall awkward stripling had ripened into the well-set handsome man:—his mother wept, it is true, when she looked on the empty sleeve of his military surtout, but she did not murmur: his father sighed as he marked the deep scar across his brow, but he saw also the medal at his breast; and he could not mourn that even so high a price had been paid for the distinction. "My son has borne himself bravely!" murmured the good old man, and the reflection was an antidote to complaint—they had not met for ten long years, and they would not meet in sorrow.

Captain Dashaby saw Alice Clodsley—the pale, beautiful, pensive Alice: she was the sister of his friend; and he looked on her with a brother's fondness; but no warm heart could long *so* feel for Alice: he looked on her till he loved her; and Alice smiled on him, not because he possessed rank and affluence, but as a brave man and her brother's friend. Augustus Clodsley bestowed the sister of his affection on the brother of his adoption, and their union cemented yet more firmly a friendship founded on esteem, and nursed amid danger and vicissitude. One only cloud darkened the horizon of his existence, and it passed over his soul on the very morning of those auspicious nuptials. "—— I can never serve again!" he said with a sigh, as he glanced at his empty sleeve; but the sigh was not echoed, and he mentioned it no more; and the brave

Augustus Clodsley from that hour proved himself as good a son, and as affectionate a brother, as he had been an accomplished gentleman and a gallant soldier.

## VARIETIES.

### SLAVE TRADE.

**I**T is melancholy to hear from all quarters, that the slave trade is still carrying on with the greatest activity. In a work published at Copenhagen, by M. Monrad, a Danish clergyman who has had ample opportunities of knowing the fact, an opinion is expressed that the legislative abolition of the trade has by no means ameliorated the condition of the unhappy negroes; in consequence of the rage with which that abolition has inspired the slave merchants of all countries, and the refinements of cruelty which it has suggested to them. One occurrence mentioned by M. Monrad, will serve as a specimen of the horrid practices that are pursued. It appears, that in order to avoid the English cruisers, the slave merchants have recourse to very small vessels, as being better able to escape capture; but that they do not on that account diminish the number of negroes of whom a cargo consists. In the hold of a very small Portuguese vessel, bound to the Brazils, were crammed the incredible number of eleven hundred negroes; half of whom died on the voyage, and half of the survivors immediately after their disembarkation! This infamous commerce, notwithstanding all the efforts of the British Government, is perpetually going on, partly under the English flag, and partly under the flags of America, Portugal, Spain, Holland, and France. It appears, according to M. Monrad, that the Antilles received an annual importation of 20,000 slaves; and that in the year 1821, the Danish troops on the coast of Africa were compelled to oppose by main force, an expedition undertaken by several English traders, in conjunction with some Dutch and Portuguese, to procure negroes.

### CRUSHING AND WASHING LEAD.

This process is performed by a large overshot water wheel, which gives motion to smaller ones that are employed to raise the waggons containing the ore up an inclined plane. From these the ore is thrown into an inverted hollow pyramid, called a shute; the roller is furrowed something like the roller of a coffee-mill, and is so balanced by large stone weights, as to raise the roller, when a piece too hard to break comes in contact with, and would be likely to injure the roller; from this the ore goes to another until it is sufficiently broken to be washed. This is done by putting the ore into an iron sieve, with two long pieces of iron on each side, and perforated with three holes something larger than an iron peg which is put through one of them, and the end of a lever is jerked slowly (over a large trough of water) by a boy: the gravity of the lead sinking in through the sieve to the bottom of the trough, leaving part of the lighter and larger substances in the sieve, which again undergo the process of grinding smaller. The ore is again washed, a large hole is made in the ground, surrounded with stones, a stream of water passes into it; the lead sinks into the hole, and the sand is washed over an inclined plane: this sand is washed two or three times over, until all the lead is separated, which is then sent to the smelting-house.

### ANECDOTE.

When Kemble retired from the stage, he distributed his costume of *Coriolanus* amongst his brethren. To Matthews he gave his sandals, upon which the comedian exclaimed, 'I'm glad I've got his sandals, though I am sure I could never tread in his shoes.'